

LYDIA,  
OR  
FILIAL PIETY.  
A  
NOVEL.

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By the AUTHOR of  
The MARRIAGE-ACT, a NOVEL.

AND  
LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

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*Virtutis est domare quæ cuncti pavent.*

SENEC.

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V O L. IV.

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L O N D O N:

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The M.A.R.

Letters on the

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# LYDIA.

## CHAP. XCVII.

*Introduces an old Acquaintance to our Readers, who has more Zeal than Breeding. Earl and Lady Liberal's Friendship for Mac Valor; he obtains a Man of War: A Letter of that Captain's: And an Adventure by Way of Surprize upon Jack Sprisfel.*



HE next Morning at Breakfast, the Prince, the Earl, and Countess being together in a Parlour adjoining to the Hall, a Person at the Door was heard to say, "Well now, my dear, and is Mr. *Probit* at home?"

"No such Person lives here," replied the Porter.

"WELL then," says the Voice, "who does?" "The Earl of *Liberal*," replied the Porter.

"THAT is the same Thing: Now is not *Probit* Earl of *Liberal*? Show me where he is now," ready to advance.

"LET me know your Name, Sir," answered the Porter, "and I'll let his Lordship know you are here?"

THE Countess listening, cried out, "*Mac Valor*, upon my Word I am sure it is his Voice." "It is indeed, *Lydy*," says the Earl. When starting from his Seat, he stepped to the Door, and opening it, honest *Mac Valor* rushed into his Arms. "The Devil burn me, but are you there *Probit*?" and "I am after being glad to see you." "And I you, indeed, my old Friend," answered his Lordship.

WHEN entering, her Ladyship came and saluted him. "Miss *Lydia*, upon my Shoul, and *Cannassatego* by *Jasus*, my old *Indian* too,

"top, and are you all three of you after  
"being well together?" says *Mac Valor*.

"YEs," says the Countess, "and at your  
"Service from our Souls."

"WELL *Probit*, now you are a Lord,  
"will you get me a Ship?" says *Mac Valor*,  
who was no Mincer of Matters.

"MY best Powers shall not be wanting  
"to obtain what you deserve; in the mean  
"while my House is your own." And then  
taking a Bank-bill of Fifty-pounds from his  
Pocket, "Pray let me oblige you with this  
"little Sum till you are in the Way of  
"doing what our Nation wants, and you  
"are ready to perform?"

"THE Devil burn me but I'll be after  
"doing well enough in your House with-  
"out this, and I'll send it my Wife and  
"Children; they may want it more than I,"  
says *Mac Valor*, with Difficulty keeping his  
Tears from running down his Cheeks. "Do  
"so," says *Lady Liberal*, "my dear Friend,"  
touch'd by the honest Heart of *Mac Valor*.

THIS Note was accordingly sent to *Ire-  
land*, and *Lady Liberal* made him a Present  
of another of equal Value.

MANY Circumstances being recounted which had passed since the Separation of these Friends, *Mac Valor* swore, that seeing in the Papers that *Bounce* was come home, he was come over to make his Body shine through the Sun: "For the Devil burn me, "I and my Wife and Children are all starved to Death, and by *Jasus* we will live "so no longer."

"WELL, be calm; have you any News "from *Ireland*? How go Affairs at *Dublin*?" says the Earl.

"UPON my Conscience," says *Mac Valor*, "the Patriots have almost drunk the P— "out of the Kingdom; the Devil burn "me but the Nation is very unwell of the "Stone, and they will have him out, "by *Jasus*; and he is as uneasy as a bad "Conscience in a leaky Ship, he fears "he shall go to the Bottom every Mi- "nute."

MAC VALOR having been some Days in Town, and to speak in his own Phrase, new rigg'd, look'd well, like an honest brave Seaman. The Earl then invited some of the Lords of the Admiralty to dine at his House; at which Time he presented *Mac*

*Valor*.



*Valor* to them, saying, "This Gentleman  
 " I know to be a brave Man, and an able  
 " Sailor ; when he brings Dishonour on the  
 " *British* Flag, my Life shall answer for it."  
 " And mine too, by *Jasus*," says *Mac Valor*.  
 Which last Words spread a Simper over the  
 Face of the Company.

HE then acquainted them how he had  
 been used by Captain *Bounce*, and his Cow-  
 ardice, which was now very publicly di-  
 vulged since the *Ranelagh* Affair, swearing  
 he would take Vengeance wherever he met  
 him ; which he was desired not to do because  
 of *Bounce*'s being a known Coward, and be-  
 neath a brave Man's Notice.

" AND upon my Shoul he is a Villain as  
 " well as a Coward, that he will not be after  
 " letting me kill him ; arrah but I owe him  
 " a Death, and he shall pay me."

HOWEVER, being persuaded that it would  
 hurt his Interest, and contaminate his Ho-  
 nour, he declined the Design : In a few  
 Days he was put in Commission, and had  
 a Sixty-gun Ship given him.

MR. *Mac Valor* being filled with Grati-  
 tude at this unexpected Success, took the  
 Earl into his Arms, then embraced the

Countess, and the *Indian Prince*. "Now  
 "upon my Shoul," he cried, "I shall be  
 "happy all Days of my Life if I die To-  
 "morrow."

He then wrote a Letter to his Wife, to  
 whom he was an excellent Husband; which  
 was as follows:

"My dearest Peggy,  
 "THE Devil burn me but the Earl and  
 "Countess of *Liberal* are better than a Fa-  
 "ther and Mother to you and my dear  
 "Children; he has already gotten me a  
 "Sixty-gun Ship; wherefore I have no more  
 "to do than to fight till I die for the Ho-  
 "nour of old *England*; take a good Prize  
 "or two, and then come home and enjoy  
 "life happily in thy Arms; so no more at  
 "present from

"Your loving Husband,

"Till Death,

"PHELM MAC VALOR,

"P. S. My Blessing to my Father and  
 "Mother, and Love to my Children."

THE next Day it was put in the Papers that Mr. *Mac Valor* was commissioned to command the \* \* \* \* \*. At this Time it happened that *Jack Sprisel*, a Lieutenant of a Man of War, the Son of a returning Officer in a Country Borough, an insolent Fellow, the Consequence of mean Birth and Interest in promoting himself, was sitting at the Admiralty Coffee-house, when *Mac Valor* unknown, was there also, seated opposite to him.

“DAMME,” says *Jack*, “who is this *Mac Valor* that has got the \* \* \* \* ?”  
 “That Family of the *Macs* is very numerous; I thought they had been all hang’d at Tyburn long since; by——it is endless, I suppose this is one of the same Family.”

AT which Words *Mac Valor* stretching his Hand a-cross the Table, took hold of his Nose immediately, saying at the same time, “You Son of a Whore, I am that *Mac Valor* you abuse, and by *Jasus* I’ll make your Body shine through the Sun this Minute; will you be after abusing me because you thought I did not know you?”

THIS Salute, which had almost carried off the Nose with its Vehemence, had a wonderful Effect upon *Jack Sprisel*; it seems the Nerves of his Nose were disposed in a Manner peculiar to those who talk much, and let off their Courage thro' the Mouth, instead of running to the Heart as they do in brave Men, and rousing them to Arms; these run to the Stomach, and destroy all Appetite for fighting.

THIS Nose, and this Warrior being thus constructed, the Twig which *Mac Valor* gave to both of them produced a sudden Change of Countenance, and most direful Dilemma in the Lieutenant. "Sir," says *Jack Sprisel*, "I did not imagine you were so near, or  
" upon my Honour I should not have said  
" what I did; it was design'd but as a  
" Jest."

"ARRAH, by *Jasus*, and so you will  
" say to my Face what you will not say be-  
" hind my Back, you Son of a Whore, will  
" you?" says *Mac Valor*. "Is hanging a  
" Jest?"

THIS Dialogue drew the Company about these two Disputants; when a Gentleman, who knew Captain *Mac Valor*, spoke to him  
aside,



aside, and desired him to make it up. “*Jack*,  
 “*Sprisel* shall ask your Pardon, I am sure  
 “he never intended to affront you.”

“UPON my Honour,” clapping his Hand  
 to his Heart, “I did not,” says *Jack*;  
 which was extremely true.

AT which Assertion honest *Mac Valor*  
 grew pacified, and bid him be sure to know  
 People before he spoke ill of them to their  
 Faces. Thus ends the Quarrel, and the  
 Ninety-seventh Chapter.

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### C H A P. XCVIII.

*Letters from Yarico to Cannassatego; from  
 Cannassatego to Yarico. The Indian Prince  
 takes leave with more Tokens of true Gra-  
 titude than are to be found in many a  
 European.*

DURING the Time that *Cannassatego*  
 the *Indian* Chief had been in *England*,  
 he had received several Letters from his  
 amiable *Yarico*; Love, the auspicious Power,  
 inspired her Attempts, and a few Months  
 Application taught her the *English* Lan-  
 guage,

guage, and the Art of writing it, with the Assistance of the *English* Missionary; these *Cannassatego* had constantly answered. We shall therefore give our Readers a Sample of each out of that Number which would fill a Volume.

*Tarico to Cannassatego.*

“OH! how dejected is my Soul in long-  
 “ing for thy Presence! Alas! shall those  
 “Eyes, worn out with Weeping, never  
 “more behold thee! Every Grove, every  
 “sequester’d Scene, the bubbling Brook,  
 “the plaintive Dove, the whole Face of  
 “Nature, those Scenes of former Transport,  
 “are now but melancholy Remembrances  
 “of thee! My Soul! my *Cannassatego*!

“TEN thousand Ways have I devised to  
 “wear away the Time which creeps be-  
 “tween thy Going and Return; I have  
 “formed thee Bracelets to adorn thy Arms;  
 “a Casque with every various Plumage to  
 “decorate thy Head; the Vest of Ermin,  
 “the Mantle lined with choicest Furs;  
 “Works of my Hands await their coming  
 “Master.

“THESE I fondly said shall grace the  
 “bravest Man alive.. He comes! he

“comes!

" comes! Alas! my Heart, wearied with  
 " hoping, no longer now can find Delusion  
 " in these Objects! The weighty Hand of  
 " Grief hangs heavily upon me! I pine,  
 " dejected, faded, like the Lilly by autumnal  
 " Blasts! I am no more the *Xarico* you  
 " left me!

" SOMETIMES, forgive the Weakness,  
 " this Thought like Death shoots through  
 " my Heart, some *English* Dame possesses  
 " him I love; I yield, I faint beneath the  
 " dread Suspicion, till recalling thy Worth,  
 " thy Truth, I feel I am mistaken; I know  
 " that thou art constant to thy Vows and  
 " *Xarico*.

" OH! baneful Power of Glory that tore  
 " thee from my Arms! Why am I alone  
 " made wretched by its Power? *Samilla*,  
 " *Mexicalla* are happy with their Paramours  
 " in mutual Love, I widow'd and for-  
 " lorn.

" SOMETIMES I imagine thee drown'd  
 " amidst the boisterous Waters, or slain by  
 " barbarous Hands, till my Heart shrinks  
 " from the Thought, and starts at her own  
 " Imagery of Horror.

" AGAIN,

“AGAIN, at happier Moments, I fancy  
 “thee returned, thy Head reclined upon  
 “my Bosom, recounting all the Tales of  
 “what thy Eyes have seen beyond the ri-  
 “sing Sun; then sighing, cry when will  
 “the blissful Minute come?”

“THY faithful Dog seems conscious, of  
 “my Distress, and feigns ten thousand  
 “Gambols to chase Despair from my Bo-  
 “som; my inseparable Companion, whose  
 “Head I often pat and caress; when will  
 “thy Master come, I sighing say, to thee  
 “and *Yarico*?”

“OH! make haste my Love, save me  
 “from my Grief, and bless the Maid that  
 “dies for thy Return!”

*Cannassatego to Yarico.*

“AETER so many tedious Moons of  
 “Despair, the Sun of Joy has broken thro’  
 “the Cloud of Affliction, *Cannassatego* shall  
 “again behold his adored *Yarico*.”

“THE great Spirit has inspired him with  
 “whom I sailed from *Onondaga*, to send  
 “me back to thy Arms; with what Rap-  
 “ture shall I quit these faithless Shores, the  
 “Land of Falshood and Dishonour!”

“OH



" O H *Yarico*, thy *Cannassatego*, whose  
 " Right-arm has so often fought the Bat-  
 " tles of this Nation, indignant Usage, has  
 " been refused Admittance to the great  
 " King; him for whom I have so often  
 " bled, so often ventured Life! Denied to  
 " smoke the Calumet of Peace, and brighten  
 " up the Chain of Friendship with our  
 " Nation; why did I pass the Seas from  
 " Thee and Love?

" We have been deceived, my Dear,  
 " with lying Tales of Warriors in this  
 " Land. Can Men, whose whole Employ-  
 " ment is the Care of Dress, whose Locks  
 " curled with Art, the daily Toil of three  
 " long Hours, nursed in Effeminacy, pam-  
 " pered in Riot, borne by Slaves in little  
 " Houses, to screen their Heads from  
 " Winds and Rain, trembling with Fear  
 " lest the cold Earth should touch the  
 " silken Coverings of their Legs? Can  
 " these be Warriors form'd to support the  
 " Inclemency of Seasons, to sleep in win-  
 " try Dews, the Skies their only Covering,  
 " and wage War with *Indians* in *America*?  
 " We have been deceived; it cannot be.

" THE very God which they tell us they  
 " worship, seems to be forgotten amongst  
 " them;

" them; the Image of the King, made on  
 " Bits of yellow Metal, is the sole Power  
 " which they adore; to this their Vows are  
 " all addressed, this rules their Actions,  
 " for this they daily renounce their former  
 " God, and despise his Power; this Image  
 " alone communicates all Virtues; these  
 " Bits of Metal, according to the Number  
 " each Man possesses, makes him brave,  
 " honest, just, humane, and wise; this cre-  
 " ates Sachems and Warriors, the Excel-  
 " lencies of Heart and Head find no Re-  
 " ception or Preheminence, the Faculties  
 " are banished; before the Influence of this  
 " pernicious Dross, Strength and Valour  
 " yields to Weakness; the wise Man obeys  
 " the Fool's Dictates, the Brave follows the  
 " Coward's Conduct: Judge then, my  
 " *Tarico*, what can be expected from such  
 " Men, and such Manners, in favour of  
 " *Indian Nations*?

" UNLIKE the happy Land which you  
 " tread, where Sachems, Kings, and Chief-  
 " tains, distinguished by the great Spirit  
 " with Bravery, Wisdom, and Humanity,  
 " signalize themselves, by giving all to  
 " others. Here Avarice, detested Vice, is  
 " engaged in one eternal Pillage; Virtue  
 " in Want labours for pampered Idleness,  
 " the Great give nothing.

" EVEN

no sham, guilt, or shame; the Image of the King, made on  
 "EVEN what must seem impossible to  
 "your Conception, thy Sex, the tender  
 "Woman, for this yellow Dross, weds the  
 "Man she detests, and meets the Bosom  
 "of him her Heart loathes to embrace;  
 "perverted Nature, degenerate Race of  
 "mortal Beings, who sacrifice the purest  
 "Joy to such infamous Considerations!  
 "Hence the Heart, unbound by Love,  
 "debased by such Actions, seeks the adul-  
 "terous Bed, devoid of all Fidelity.

"TIME is on the Wing; I come, my  
 "Yarico, my Soul's Delight, my darling  
 "Treasure; blow propitiously, ye Winds,  
 "and waft me to her Arms; be smooth ye  
 "Seas, and yield a willing Way. Oh bear  
 "me to my Love, great Spirit. Adieu, per-  
 "fidious Land; farewell, degenerate Race,  
 "farewel."

CANNASSATEGO was now preparing for  
 his Voyage, the Earl and Countess had pro-  
 vided him with every thing which could be  
 agreeable for such a Passage, and loaded  
 him with more Presents for Yarico. The  
 Moment of his taking Leave was at hand;  
 his Breast was divided with a double Pas-  
 sion, Gratitude to this Lord and Lady, Joy  
 at thinking to revisit his native Land, and

Yarico,

*Yarico*, the parting Moment was piercing to his Bosom ; he had determined to make a long Speech of Thanks for all the Friendship which he had received from this happy Pair ; when beginning, " If Heaven re-  
 " store me to the Arms of her I love, my  
 " Vows—" Then bursting into Tears, his Voice suspended, he eagerly embraced the Earl, and cried, " Imagine what I would  
 " express, from what I suffer in parting from  
 " you tho' to return to all I love." Then saluting the Countess, " My Friend, my  
 " next in Love to *Yarico*, adieu ; may ye  
 " be for ever happy." Saying this, he left the House choaked with Tears, the Earl and Countess weeping abundantly as he walked away. At length, " Go, generous  
 " Man, and meet in Joy thy lovely *Yarico*," escaped from the Lady's Lips.

## CHAP.



## C H A P. XCIX.

*In which Surgeon Macpherson, disappointed of his Treatise on the Nature of Gun-shot Wounds, begins reading Lectures in Midwifry.*

WE must now turn our Eyes to Surgeon Macpherson, whom we have formerly related to have proceeded on a second Cruize with the honourable Captain Charles Bounce; but, alas! such was the hard Fate of this Man, he could by no means get together a sufficient Number of Observations to complete a Treatise on the Nature of Gun-shot Wounds; so cautious were the French of meeting this Captain Bounce: Wherefore being tired of the Seas, during the last Voyage, as he had an excellent Opportunity for studying the practical Part on-board Ship, he prepared himself thoroughly for Midwifry, and coming to London sent to Aberdeen for a Diploma of Doctor: This being granted, he began a School for the reading Lectures on that Subject, which was attended with great Success, being much encouraged by his own Countrymen; a laudable Example for the English.

## CHAP. C.

*Lady Liberal resolves to leave London, for Reasons which Ladies generally keep private at first: Her grateful Heart thinks on little Tommy Clinch; he receives the Effects of her Tenderneſs. Frank preſerves Lady Liberal's Life at the Riſque of his own. Lady Liberal arrives at Exeter, where our Readers are made acquainted with Miſs Oldcaſtle, and her Virtues.*

**L**ADY Liberal began now to perceive what the Earl had long wiſh'd to know, the Symptoms of her being pregnant; ſhe therefore determin'd to go to the Country-seat of the Earl in *Devonſhire*, and attend the happy Hour of her Delivery: Lord Liberal would have perſuaded her to tarry in *London*. “No, my Dear,” ſays ſhe, “the  
“Country is my Choice; there the dear  
“Child which I hope to bring you, the  
“Heir of your Eſtate and Virtues, the laſt  
“may Heaven grant, will be much more  
“likely to live than in this City, the Air  
“is purer, and I ſhall be more at Eaſe,  
“being determin'd to make my Nurſery  
“the only Pleaſure, beſides what I muſt  
“ever know in you; this will be leſs in-  
“terruted,

“ interrupted, and I shall be happier in the  
“ Country than any thing can make me in  
“ *London.*” The Earl, moved by this  
Tenderness, kissed her, saying, “ My  
“ *Lydy* is too good,” pressing her to his  
Bosom.

“ My Dear,” says the Countess, “ I  
“ will then pay my Visits to those I chuse  
“ to see before I leave *London*, and retire  
“ as fast as possible to *Probit-castle.*”

THAT his Lordship said would be agree-  
able to him. “ You know, my *Lydy*, I  
“ can have no Pleasure which contradicts  
“ yours.”

ONE Day then, as they were visiting,  
passing before the Door where the Countess  
had lodged with Mrs. *Clinch*, the Thought  
of her Change came strongly into her Mind,  
she sigh’d, and without speaking, kissed the  
Earl in the Coach, pressing his Hand be-  
tween hers. “ Hey day, what is this Sigh,  
“ followed by so emphatic a Kiss, for?” says  
his Lordship.

“ My Soul,” says the Countess, “ I  
“ thought of what Misery I have known  
“ in this House, and how much I am,  
“ and ever must be, indebted to you for  
“ the

"the Deliverance, my generous Benefactor!"

"You silly Girl, am not I the Gainer by all I have done? Who else could have made me happy but you?"

THE House being shut up, Lady *Liberal* pulled the String, and the Coach stopping, she asked what was become of Mrs. *Clinch*: The Person who answered told her she was dead: And pray what is become of little *Tommy*? "He is gone to some Relation, who uses him but ill, poor Child!" says the Woman.

LADY *Liberal* then proceeded to her Visits; recounting, as she passed along, the Behaviour of the Child to her, how tender and amiable he had been; when before his Lordship could answer, or she finish her Discourse, the Coach stopt, and the Lady being at home they descended to enter the House.

THIS Opportunity his Lordship took of sending his Servant back to know where the Child was; which being discovered, he immediately sent for him to his own House, where, at his Return, presenting him to Lady



Lady *Liberal*, "here, my Dear," says he,  
"is your Friend *Tommy*."

"My dear Boy," says Lady *Liberal* kissing him, and then running to the Earl,  
"I am afraid of this Debt of Goodness  
"which you are constantly heaping upon  
"me: How shall I pay it?"

"Kiss me again, and discharge it all,"  
says his Lordship smiling, which was done  
with Rapture: The little Boy from that  
Time was taken all possible Care of, and  
educated as he ought.

Mrs. *Fairchild* was vastly delighted to see  
the Child, and with the Earl's Behaviour  
to her dear Daughter; but now a new  
Anxiety began to grow in her Bosom on the  
Account of the Countess's Pregnancy; her  
Heart was scarce ever at Ease about the  
Moment of approaching Peril, and yet  
transported with her being pregnant at the  
same time.

"My Child," says she, "pray excuse  
"yourself the Pain of visiting me every  
"Night after I am in bed, and every Morn-  
"ing before I rise; you require Ease, let  
"me intreat you to forbear that needless  
"Duty.

"MADAM,

“MADAM,” says Lady *Liberal*, “why must the Pleasure of hoping to be soon a Parent divest me of the Duty of being a Child? When it is a Pain to me I will tell you.”

“YOUR Duty will defer it too long,” says the venerable Parent, “I fear, my Child.”

It was now known through the House that the Countess was breeding; and next to the Earl, and Mrs. *Fairchild*, no one's Heart felt greater Joy than *Frank's*, her Ladyship's Servant, whose uniform and dutious Behaviour had made him dear to his Lord and Lady; and much so to Mrs. *Fairchild*.

ONE Evening then, as her Ladyship was returning from a Visit in her Chair preceded by *Frank* alone, the other Servant being sent on a Message, a Street-robber in *Berkeley-square* presenting a Pistol to *Frank*, bid him stop; when *Frank* instantly thinking of his Lady's Condition, without answering, dash'd his Link in the Villain's Face, and bade the Chairman go on. By this Action the Rosin flying in the Fellow's Eyes, *Frank* seized him; and her Ladyship thinking

ing the Link was put out by some Accident only, was carried home unknowing what had happened. Thus *Frank*, by his Quickness of Thought and laudable Resolution, probably preserved the Life of his Lady.

THE next Day, when it was known, Lord *Liberal* ask'd *Frank* how he came to have Resolution to strike a Robber with a Pistol in his Hand. The Servant replied, "I never thought of myself, I only considered my Lady's Condition, and the Danger her being terrified with being stopt might prove to her; I imagined, if I thought any thing, that this would confound him; and then during the Struggle my Lady might be carried away safe."

"FRANK," says the Earl, thou art a generous and noble Creature," giving him a Bank-bill of a hundred Pounds from his Pocket-book. "Thou art worthy my Friendship, and shall feel it to thy Advantage." "My Lord," says *Frank*, "I hope you do not think me a mercenary Man," taking the Bill reluctantly. "No, *Frank*, the most generous of Men." *Frank* bow'd with Respect and Pleasure.

LADY *Liberal* being acquainted with this Affair, made *Frank* a Present also; expressing

sing infinite Gratitude to this Servant, who was rendered immortal by being so deservedly caress'd.

"My Lord," says Lady *Liberai*, "I think I have nothing more to do than write a Letter to Lady *Flimsy* before we leave *London*, and invite her Ladyship into *Devonshire*." "Pray do, my Dear; and at the same time I will desire Mr. *Sweetwood*'s Company also; it will be a vast Addition to our Happiness if they will spend the Summer with us at *Probit-castle*."

THIS then was accordingly done, and an Answer returned; which gave them a Promise of seeing them at his Lordship's Seat. The Time was now come which was to begin the Journey, when the Earl and Countess proceeded by gentle Stages to his Seat. At *Exeter*, it being the Time of the Assizes, his Lordship intended staying a Week: This is a Season of Gaiety at that City, where every thing which this Island affords is to be had in the greatest Perfection. The heart-felt Pleasure of showing to the Company what a lovely Creature he had married, contributed not a little to that Design in his Lordship.

LADY



**LADY Liberal** being pleased with the Face of the Country, and expressing herself in that Manner, it was then first told her by her Parent that her Father had been a Native of *Devonshire*, and left that Part of *England* very young. "Would to Heaven he was still alive to taste the Bliss which I this Day feel," says her Ladyship.

"My Child," says the Mother, her Words attended with a Tear, "he is, if Virtue ever had its Reward, where Happiness is eternally increasing."

**HER** Ladyship being dressed, appeared at the Ball; and as she was not far advanced in her Pregnancy, look'd as charming as an Angel, even amongst the Women of that Country where Beauty is no uncommon Appearance.

**EVERY** Eye was upon her, and every Tongue of the Male Part of the Company was lavish in her Praise. The Females commended her Beauty with great Good-nature, one excepted, who (being the Daughter of an old Baronet, a maiden Lady, and a Miss, as those Dames are always stiled who are not enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony) was a little sarcastic on her Ladyship.

It seems Lady *Liberal* refused to dance on account of her being pregnant. This was immediately attributed to her want of Education.

"I think," says Miss *Oldcastle*, "no one can avoid discerning by her Face that that new fangled Lady is of no Family, and you see of no Education, she cannot dance a Minuet." "To be sure," says Mrs. *Fallowcloss*, who was this maiden Lady's Companion, "she must have had a fine Education indeed! I wonder Lords will be looking out for, and taking up with, Wives in other Places, when there are so many young Ladies of Beauty, Family, and Fortune in their own Country," looking with a Smile on Miss *Oldcastle*. "You are right, Mrs. *Fallowcloss*," says Miss, bridling and holding up her Head, "it is a Shame for them."

Now that our Readers may not be led into a Puzzle who this Miss *Oldcastle* was, we shall give a small Description of her Person and Qualifications, which perhaps may not be unentertaining to mere City Readers, who have never voyaged beyond the Bills of Mortality.

THE

THIS Miss *Oldcastle* was a maiden Lady; her Father, having been a Baronet of one thousand a Year, of a very ancient Family, whose only Child she was, had bred her to no one earthly Thing, but tracing the Pedigree of her Family from the ancient Britons down to the present Time.

SCARCE was there a Reign before the *Norman* Conquest in which some of her Predecessors had not held great Places at Court, according to her Legend, the Men being all Statesmen or Generals, and the Ladies Maids of Honour; since that Time she said her Family thought it beneath them to be much at Court; and she sometimes insinuated, that King *Alfred* with all his Wisdom, whilst he was in the West, had been the Gallant of a Female of her Family; reckoning Fornication no Sin, provided it is committed with People of high Blood.

SHE knew the Marriages and Inter-marriages of all the great Families in *England*, particularly in that Part of it in which she lived. "I am surprized," says she, "at the Insolence of some Folks, whose Ancestors, in the Time of *Henry* the Second, had not the least Bit of Land; nay, some of those who purchased our Family's Estate

“Estate in *Henry* the Seventh’s Time, pretend to be People of Family; God knows where this Pretension will end; we shall see those, who are no elder than the Revolution, pretend to be Gentlesfolks by-and-by, and surely Family will come to nothing.”

“INDEED, Madam, you are right,” says Mrs. *Followclose*, “it is amazing how some Folks pretend to be some-body.”

MISS *Oldcastle* being no more than Fifty-two, vigorous, of a corpulent Habit, and ruddy Complexion, her Locks inclining to the Carrot, it seems had still preserved her Colt’s Teeth, and had entertained an Ambition of mending her Title, tho’ she could not her Blood, and hoped to have wedded the Earl of *Liberal*.

Now tho’ this may seem a little strange, that Fifty-two should dare to marry Thirty-three; yet it is a true Remark, that most Ladies of that Age think themselves a Match for the youngest Man in *England*, and will venture to engage him stark-naked without Arms to defend themselves; a Mark that feminine Valour, and the Race of *Boadicia*, are not yet totally worn out of the Kingdom.



THIS virgin Lady had managed Affairs as well as Maids in her Situation could do; behaving like those accustomed to dine early, who are to dine later than usual on certain Occasions, and taken a Bit of *John*, the favourite Servant out of Livery, by way of Stay-stomach for a Husband.

NOTWITHSTANDING this she was a Lady of a most severe Virtue, being so unbiass'd in her Opinion, that she never spoke well of any one, lest she should seem to be partial by preferring one to another.

SHE was always talking of Charity, and the Works of Charity; but so prudent in, and fearful of, bestowing it upon wrong Objects, she fed nothing but Dogs, Cats, Parrots, and Monkeys.

So chaste that she could not bear a Lady who wore a Pair of white Stockings; she protested she thought them the most immodest Things upon Earth, and therefore, her Legs being rather large, she always wore blue.

CONSTANT at Church, and so attentive to her Duty, that when she came home she could recount the Dress of all the Farmers

Wives and Daughters, and preach upon the wicked Effects of Finery, and the Impudence of those who wore it, better than the Divine perhaps who served the Congregation.

THIS Maiden was very severe on Lady Liberal; the Morning after the Ball she visited Lady Harty, hoping she did not intend contracting an Acquaintance with such an ill-bred Creature as Lady Liberal.

“ILL-bred, Madam,” says Lady Harty,  
 “I have never seen a sweeter or more polite  
 “Woman; by the little Conversation I  
 “had, after being introduced to her last  
 “Night, she must be the most amiable of  
 “her Sex: Sir Oliver and I, accompanied  
 “with Sir William Warby and his Lady,  
 “who are with us on a Visit, intend seeing  
 “them the first Week after the Assizes.”

“WHAT visit a Girl of the Town, because she is married to a Nobleman?” adding all the former Falshoods relating to the Countess, and affirming them as so many Truths, “I shiver to think of it.”

“MADAM,” says Lady Harty, who knew Miss Olden’s Disposition, “I am  
 “sorry you shiver at what every one ought

to love; be persuaded these Tales are  
 "Falshoods, which Malice invents to depre-  
 ciate the Success of Beauty and Virtue."

Thus ended this Conversation; and this  
 virtuous Maiden, Miss *Oldcastle*, whose Soul  
 was so righteously disposed, spread every  
 where with the utmost Alertness all the  
 Falshood that Malice can invent to depre-  
 cate Virtue.

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C H A P. C I.

*Probit-castle described. Lady Liberal's Dan-  
 ger, and Frank's Dispatch for a Phys-  
 cians; the first happily over, introduces  
 universal Joy.*

THE Assizes being finished, Lady Li-  
 beral pursued her Journey to *Probit-  
 castle*. This venerable old Seat, where  
 Hospitality and patrial Virtue have dwelt  
 for many Ages, is situated in a most agree-  
 able Part of *England*; on the South-side of  
*Devonshire*, facing the Ocean, at two Miles  
 Distance; the Mansion is old, yet in excel-  
 lent

lent Repair, and communicates an Air of Grandeur to all around it : It is seated on a rising Hill, before which are extended Meadows reaching to the Sea ; on the Right-hand of which waves along the Declivity of a gentle Hill, the venerable Oak in all its Beauty, stock'd with wild Turkeys, and *Guinea* Fowls that dwell amongst the Branches ; beneath this flows, in many windings, a small River, which, transparent as the Crystal, falls from Rock to Rock in murmuring Sounds, replete with Trout, and other River-fish ; a Park stock'd with Deer forms the Object on the Left-hand Side, which being planted with Shrubs diversifies the Prospect ; on the Lawns below wander innumerable Flocks of Sheep, and Herds of Cattle ; Goats also browse upon the Hills, which being a picturesque Animal, adds Life and Variety to the Landscape ; whilst the Ships, which are pursuing their different Voyages round the World, complete a Picture scarce to be parallell'd in *England*.

THE Gardens, which furnish the Dainties of the Table, are the most prolific of all in this Kingdom ; the Grape and the Fig scarce desire a better Soil, or finer Climate ; the Nectarine blushes to the Sun, the Peach sheds its Perfumes, almost bursting with Ripeness ; Orchards, teeming with Golden Apples,



Apples, pour Profusion of that Liquor, which scarce yields to the *Burgundian* Juice, or rarer Wine of famed *Tokay*.

OH! native Soil! When shall these Eyes again behold thee? Will Heaven, propitious to my Vows, waite me at length to this Land of Bliss, there to behold the setting Sun of Life go down in Brightness and Tranquillity upon grey Hairs and Ease?

THIS Seat, so situated, was extremely agreeable to Lady *Liberal*. "My Lord," says she, "you will with Difficulty get me from this Place I believe, *London* can have no Charms for me; I shall become a mere rustic Wife, and talk of my Dairy and hatching Geese and Turkeys as well as the best Country-farmer's Wife in *Devonshire*."

"AND must I go alone, *Lydy*, to *London* to attend Parliament?" says the Earl. "Indeed that is an unlucky Circumstance," replies the Countess; "that will try me I own."

SIR *Oliver Hearty* and his Lady, SIR *William Wortby* and Lady *Wortby*, came to visit this happy Pair of New-comers; and

as their Souls were congenial, a Friendship of the most benign and lasting Kind was commenced between these three Families.

At length the Hour drew near when Lady *Riberal* expected to give the *Probit* Family an Heir: The Care and Tenderness of the Earl was unspeakable; he scarce quitted her a Moment, and slept in a separate Bed in the same Chamber, being assured no one could be so interested in her Welfare as himself. The Midwife was present in the House to attend the happy Minute.

At length the Moment came, and there being great Apprehension of Danger; some better Assistance was required; *Exeter* was the nearest Place to procure it; the Earl bid his Groom ride with all possible Speed to call a Physician, when *Frank* appearing ready booted, "My Lord, let me go I beseech you," says he, "the Desire of preserving my Lady's Life will make me fly faster than another." He mounted immediately.

INDEED *Frank* foresaw, that, Grooms in general loving Horses better than human Creatures, this Fellow might have spared the Beast in Preference to his Lady; wherefore this honest and sensible Servant determined

mined to have no Object but his Lady's Life in this Journey, and accordingly desired that this Message might be trusted to his Care.

THOUGH the Danger was not small, the Alarm was infinitely greater: Lord *Liberal* at every fainting Fit which his Lady underwent during her Pain, ran from her Chamber, beat his Breast, crying, "My *Lydia* is dead! She is no more! Oh! wretched Man doom'd to survive this loveliest best of Women!"

MRS. *Fairchild*, as if assisted by new Strength, ran to his Lordship at each Recovery of the Countess, "She revives, my Lord, she is not dead, there is less Danger than you apprehend; let me intreat you to compose yourself?" When he would sigh, and rise from the Couch on which he had thrown himself, "Must I part with all I love?" he said.

AFTER every Recovery from these Faintings, Lady *Liberal*'s first Words were, "Where is my Life? These Pangs will kill him!" Feeling yet more for the Earl than for herself.

FRANK, having performed the Journey in a Time almost incredibly little, came back with.

with the Physician, who having prescribed her some Medicine, she was by the Midwife happily delivered of an Heir to the *Probit* Family.

THE News was spread; the Earl fainted with Ecstasy; *Frank* seemed like a Man distracted with Pleasure; the whole Family, whose Concern during the Danger, from the lowest to the highest, was exprest visibly in their Faces, shouted with Rapture; the Parish was all an Evening's Festival; so much had the Goodness of that Family influenced on the Heart of every Neighbour, poor and rich.

No Village within ten Miles but blazed with an Evening's Bonfire at the first News of this Event; and the Bells were rung whole Days together, to express the public Joy for the Birth of this Heir to Earl *Liberal*, he being the last of the Name.

THUS having brought a young Nobleman to the World, we withdraw to make room for better Company.



## C H A P. CII.

*General Joy at the Birth of an Heir. Frank's Delirium; recovers and enjoys his Desire.*

**T**HIS great Joy was not uninterrupted in his Lordship's Bosom, though his Lady was as well as possible in such Circumstances; his Son, the finest Child that could be seen, and which his Lordship came to visit a thousand Times a Day, kissing that and the dear Mother. "Lydy," says his Lordship, "'tis your Picture to the utmost Resemblance." "Indeed, my Lord, it is more like you than me, it has your Nose and Eyes, and every Feature; has it not, Madam?" to her Mother. "I think so indeed," answered Mrs. Fairchild, who scarce ever deserted the Room of her dear Daughter. "Well," says the Earl, pleased with his Countess's Inclination, "let it be so, I must yield in Opposition to two."

THE Interruption to their Joy was not from this Quarter. It seems poor Frank, with the Speed he had made in fetching the Physician, had heated himself into a Fever: the same Physician attended him also: He was delirious, and in great Danger.

EVERY Moment he cry'd "is my Lady delivered?—she shall not die—begone—take me—will not that satisfy you?—I see you—give me the Pistols—who dares say she is dead?—my Lord shall have an Heir—a fine Boy—a young Lord—I'll rock the Cradle—hush—hush—my young Lord's a-sleep—tread softly—no Noise—bye—bye—Baby—bye."

These incoherent Expressions, utter'd in Delirium, transfix'd the Heart of the Earl, who came frequently to see him: He perceived his whole Soul was engaged in no other Idea than that of Lady *Liberal*, and his Happiness. "Honest Fellow, Heaven grant he may recover!" says his Lordship.

At length the Crisis determined in favour of his Life, and he recovered by slow Degrees. The Earl never failed seeing him once a Day, and asking him if there was any thing he would chuse to have, desired him

him to mention it, and it should be immediately procured.

"THERE is one Thing," says *Frank*,

"but I am afraid to ask your Lordship."

"Tell me," replied the Earl, "if in my

"Power you shall have it with Pleasure."

Says *Frank*, "If I could but see my young

"Lord, I should be quite at Ease, and reco-

"ver faster." "That you shall to be sure,"

says the Earl, pleased with the Request.

Accordingly the Story being told to the

Countess, who had been extremely anxious

for him since she had known he was ill, said,

"Generous Creature, wrap up the Child,

"and carry it to him instantly." Which

being done, *Frank* kissed it with excessive

Joy, and lying down, said, "Heaven bless

"this Babe, I am now contented."

A few Days perfected the Cure, and

*Frank* was permitted the Happiness of go-

ing to the Nursery whenever he pleased, to

gaze on his young Master.

LADY *Liberal* herself thanking him for

the great Care he had shewn in serving her,

added, "You needed not to have made

"such vast Haste to risque your Life, my

"Danger was not so great, *Frank*."

"WHAT

“WHAT is my Life, compared to your  
 “Ladyship’s, and my young Lord’s? Be-  
 “sides, I felt something at my Heart which  
 “would not permit me to go slower,” an-  
 swered the Servant.

“THIS Behaviour, *Frank*, shall not pass  
 “unrewarded,” says her Ladyship. “I  
 “am rewarded, my Lady, by your Reco-  
 “very, and the Birth of my young Master.”  
 Saying this he withdrew.

### C H A P. CIII.

*Lady Flimsy and Mr. Sweetwood, on the  
 Road to Probit-castle, meet an odd Adven-  
 ture of Cuckoldom and Horns, contrived by  
 a Landlord and two damn’d Chambermaids  
 at an Inn. The Soldiers Wrath appeased  
 as easily as excited.*

THE News of this Heir being born, was  
 immediately sent to *Lady Flimsy* and  
*Mr. Sweetwood*; in Answer to which the  
 most polite Letter of genuine Joy and Con-  
 gratulation was returned from that happy  
 Pair, whose mutual Pleasure was every Day  
 increasing. They then prepared for their



Visit, and proceeded to *Probit-castle* to stand Sponsors to this welcome Child.

One Evening on the Road Mr. *Sweetwood* observing a great Number of Officers in the Inn, ask'd how it happened that so many Soldiers were in so small a Town? His Landlord answered, that as they were chusing a Member of Parliament at \* \* \* \* \* in the Room of one that had lately taken a Place, and was strongly opposed by an honest Country Gentleman in his Re-election, these military Men were all sent out to eat him up.

“ DAMN them, they have all their Kept-  
 “ mistresses; here are four young Ensigns  
 “ and Lieutenants, with each his Whore;  
 “ these Fellows will certainly come to good,  
 “ and make special Soldiers when War is  
 “ declared!”

“ You are no Friend to the Military,  
 “ Landlord, I find,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*.  
 “ Yes, Sir, I am; I think a Soldier an honourable and useful Member as any in  
 “ Society; but I don't conceive a red Coat;  
 “ Impertinence, and Rakery, make that  
 “ Character; or that such are likely to face  
 “ their Enemies with that Resolution which  
 “ becomes Gentlemen.”

“I BELIEVE you are not much deceived  
 “ in that Opinion; but you will allow there  
 “ are many of another Stamp,” says Mr.  
*Sweetwood*. “Indeed, I do,” says the Land-  
 lord; “but these are not; they are drink-  
 “ ing Success to the Placeman’s Election,  
 “ and their Ladies keep them Company in  
 “ that Article also.”

“Egad, Sir, my Chambermaids, the  
 “ unlucky Jades, have a mind at my In-  
 “ stigation to play them a Trick to-night.  
 “ You must know, Sir, all these Women  
 “ pass for the Wives of these Officers to  
 “ keep them in Countenance, otherwise no  
 “ one in the Country would let them lodge  
 “ in their Houses: But my Drawer lived  
 “ last Winter at the *Shakespeare’s Head* in  
 “ *Covent-Garden*, and remembers the Faces  
 “ of them all. Now if their Damsels  
 “ retire before the Gentlemen, and these  
 “ get fuddled, as they most certainly will  
 “ do, the Chambermaids shall light the  
 “ Warriors to the Beds of one another’s  
 “ Mistresses, by which means we shall have  
 “ the Pleasure of making them all Cuckolds,  
 “ in the Eyes of the Country, or make  
 “ them discard their Ladies, and disavow  
 “ their Marriages, which will be no small  
 “ Diversion to the Gentlemen who are in  
 “ Oppo-

“ Opposition to the Placeman for their Coun-  
 “ try’s good, and who are my Friends?”

“ If you are sure there are none of the  
 “ Company married, I think the Thing  
 “ would not be amiss; otherwise I think it  
 “ should not be done by any means.”

“ DEPEND on it, Sir, there is not one  
 “ married Person amongst them: I would  
 “ not dare such an Action, unless I were  
 “ convinced of the Truth of what I am  
 “ saying, for the whole World.”

THE GLASS was circulated with great Free-  
 dom, and these jolly young Gentlemen wan-  
 ing very drunk, the Ladies retired to Bed,  
 and their Paramours remained to swallow  
 the other Bottle; when News being brought  
 that . . . . . Esq. by dint of Bri-  
 bery, had carried his Re-election, these  
 bold Sons of Morn gave another Shout, and  
 resolved on another Bottle to drink the  
 Member’s Health.

THIS News determined the Landlord,  
 who received it with great Compunction, to  
 put his Project in Execution; accordingly  
 these Gentlemen being most egregiously  
 drunk, were each put to bed to a Lady that  
 did not strictly belong to him. The Females  
 also

also having taken an Anodyne, were wrapt in Slumber at their coming to-bed.

THE Night was a Night of Sleep. When these Sons of Valour waking, each found himself in Bed with a wrong Paramour; the Surprize was not a little to the Ladies; but as they had been long accustomed like Inns upon the Road to receive all Comers, they were easily reconciled to the Exchange. Being then all dress'd, they met to breakfast, where the Gentlemen look'd a little queer on this damn'd Mistake; and one of them, less prudent than the rest, swore he would send for the Landlord up, and kill the Dog, being assured that he was the Cause of this Affront.

THE Landlord being come into the Room, "You, Sir," says this impetuous young Gentleman, "how came it that we were put to-bed last Night to one another's Wives? I imagine this was your doing, Rascal."

THE Landlord falling into a loud Laugh, answered, "I never put People to-bed; did not you know your own Wives and Chambers? Sir, I make no Cuckolds in my House."

"CUCKOLD."



"Cuckolds, you Dog," replied two of them, stepping up to him, "I'll kick you to Hell."

"Indeed you will not," replied the Landlord, "a red Coat has no Terror to me, "I assure you:" Which being pronounced with a Firmness of Voice, and resolute Countenance, gave them Reason to believe mine Host of the *Fountain* would not be passive in such an Adventure.

THIS being said, he left the Room; and as these warlike Men were immediately to leave the Place, and return to \* \* \* \* \*, the Election being finished, my Landlord was resolved to entertain them with a Serenade and Procession before they departed; accordingly four Fellows dressed in red Coats, with each a Pair of Ox's-horns upon his Head, began their March, preceded by the Sowgelder, and an old Drummer, follow'd by all the People of the Village: They then being arrived before the Inn-door, gave three Shouts. This Noise being heard by these Sons of *Bellona*, they ran to the Window, and there, horrible to the Eyes of Valour, beheld the public Triumph of their own Disgrace.

THUNDER

THUNDER is no Comparison to the Rage of these Gentlemen; they stamp'd and swore they would put the Landlord to death; so did their Ladies, the true *Covent-Garden* Spirit being let loose: But it unluckily happened, they swore so long at this standerous Procession, that like a Gun with too large a Touch-hole which loses its Powder, the whole Charge was lost through the Aperture of their Mouths; so that when they came down, and saw the Crowd about the Door, notwithstanding the Sowgelder's Horn and old Drum sounded to Battle, there did not remain Powder enough in the Barrel to let the Bullet of their Courage off into Action. They therefore mounted their Horses, Male and Female, and road to \* \* \* \* \* with all possible Expedition, cursing the fatal Mistake for being discovered. Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* beheld this whole Affair with immoderate Laughing.

THIS rendered these Gentlemen the frequent Object of a Pair of Fingers, applied to the Forehead like Horns by a hundred Persons of the losing Party at the Town of the Election; and their Ladies, being now disqualified from appearing in the Streets, were dismiss'd back to the Purlieu of *Covent-Garden*. And thus concludes this Adventure.

## C H A P. CIV.

*Lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood converse  
on the Alterations to be made at Probit-  
castle. A lucky Thought of Mr. Sweet-  
wood's.*

**W**E shall pass over the other Part of the Journey of Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*, and land them safe at *Probit-castle*; where their Reception was such as sincere Friendship mutually gives, and receives from all who are truly animated with that divine Passion.

*LADY Liberal* was perfectly recovered, and determined to suckle the Child herself; the Earl would have dissuaded her from it, in Complaisance to the reigning Mode, though he secretly wish'd his Lady would refuse him. "*Lydy*," says he, "this great Boy, I am afraid, will hurt your Health, if you suckle him; let us look for some healthy Woman who has lately had a Child, and let that Care be given to her."

"Mr.

“ My Lord,” says the Countess, “ will  
 “ you deprive me of the greatest Pleasure  
 “ I can know next to your Love for me?  
 “ Shall I be denied looking down with  
 “ Affection on this Babe hanging at my  
 “ Bosom, and lose the greatest Delight of  
 “ being a Mother? Do you imagine I con-  
 “ sider myself as a Machine only to bring  
 “ Children into the World, and then desert  
 “ them? No, no, my dear Babe shall reap  
 “ the Advantage which Nature designed,  
 “ and my Constitution can afford him;  
 “ this Bosom shall pour fourth its milky  
 “ Stores for his Sustenance and Health.”

THIS, deliver'd with Spirit, pleased the  
 Earl, who taking her in his Arms, kissed  
 her with Rapture. “ You are determined  
 “ then to excel in Mother as well as Wife,  
 “ *Lydy*; I find you must be indulged.”  
 This was pronounced with a self-satisfying  
 Delight visible in the Earl's Countenance.

THE Time which Lady *Flimsy* and Mr.  
*Sweetwood* tarried at *Probit-castle*, was one  
 continued Scene of Pleasure, such as Reason  
 must approve; not of that tumultuous Sort  
 which is generally miscall'd by that Name,  
 but of the smooth, delicious, complacent Kind,  
 which continues constant and delightful.

THE



THE two Gentlemen were engaged in Planning out his Lordship's Woods and Waters. "In this Place, by this River, which runs amidst the Rocks in murmuring Falls beneath this little Wood, I intend an Anchorite's Cell, it shall be made of Stone only, rendered venerable by the Marks of Time; the Wood shall be kept cleanly weeded, as it is but small; and some very large Stones shall be placed where the Path shall wind round them to give it the Air of being kept in order by one Man only, the supposed Inhabitant of the Cell, who has not Strength sufficient to remove them; a-cross the Stream a Bridge of great apparent Antiquity shall lead to a little Garden in the Meadows, planted with Flowers which require little Skill, and with Pulse, and culinary Plants."

"THIS is charmingly imagined," says Mr. Sweetwood. "I believe it is," says the Earl, "because I assure you *Lydy* had a greater Hand in it than I. Pray, Mr. Sweetwood, what would you have terminate the long Avenue which I intend to make through the great Wood to that Cliff which stands so boldly to the Ocean?"

“THE Temple of Fortitude will be a very proper Building,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*. “It shall be so, and built of rough unhewn Moor-stone,” answered the Earl. “That is an Addition to its Character which I did not conceive at the Time of my making the Proposal,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

“But who shall be its Inhabitant? What Hero shall we chuse to place in it?” says the Earl. “None,” replied Mr. *Sweetwood*, “the Goddess herself in a Statue, of which Mr. *Rysbrack* shall be the Sculptor, and carved after that Woman who truly deserves the Honour, *Lydia Countess of Liberal*.”

“SWEETWOOD,” says the Earl, the Tear starting, “you have touch’d my Heart so intimately with this Thought, it shall be immediately put in Execution; her Picture in *London*, which resembles her so much, by our Countryman *Reynolds*, will serve for the Model, and it may be finished without her knowing it till it is put up; she would not permit it if she knew my Design.

IN

“ In this Place, which is so sheltered from  
 “ the Winds, so snug and retired, where  
 “ home-felt Quiet and pastoral Delight seem  
 “ to have made their Abode, I intend  
 “ building a little Thatch’d-house. Here  
 “ *Lydy* and I shall frequently retire for a  
 “ Day or two with the little Boy, and other  
 “ Children, when Heaven pleases to send  
 “ them to our Wishes, and taste a different  
 “ Kind of Pleasure from what attends nu-  
 “ merous Servants, Pomp and Parade; this  
 “ will diversify our Manner of Living, and  
 “ make us return to the Castle with the  
 “ Pleasure of Variety at least,” says the  
 Earl.

“ An excellent Thought, which will be  
 “ an Improvement to the Happiness of  
 “ Lady *Flimsy*, and myself; I shall un-  
 “ doubtedly follow your Example in this  
 “ Building at my Abode.”

“ As the Situation of the Castle is grand,  
 “ the Views and Country laid out by Na-  
 “ ture in the same Taste, it would be ill  
 “ judged to erect a Variety of Buildings,  
 “ which, frequently making nought but  
 “ so many little distinct Objects, destroy  
 “ the Idea of one great Whole; as Pieces  
 “ of Water would be ridiculous where one

“ sees the Ocean so near; Plantations of all  
 “ the Trees which Heaven has created,  
 “ disposed with the best Propriety and Taste  
 “ I am capable of exerting, I think will  
 “ make this Seat as agreeable as it can be,”  
 says the Earl. “ This shall employ the  
 “ Hands of my poor Country Neighbours,  
 “ and give them Bread, when Labour at  
 “ some times of the Year is scarce; the  
 “ oldest Man shall be as well paid as the  
 “ most vigorous and healthy, and Age not  
 “ feel, in diminish’d Reward, that Deficiency  
 “ of Support when it stands most in need  
 “ of it.”

THIS Conversation finishing the Morning’s  
 Walk, finishes the Chapter.

P. A. H. C.



## C H A P. CV.

*Miss Oldcastle falls from the Pinnacle of Happiness to the Vale of Disappointment. The Discovery of the blue Stocking; an Epistle from a Baronet; and a Wedding with an old approved Servant, are to be found in this Chapter.*

**M**ISS Oldcastle, whose Pride and ancient Pedigree would not permit her to visit *Lady Liberal*, was notwithstanding as much acquainted with all her past Life as even the Countess herself, if Regard was to be paid to the Conversation of that maiden Lady.

SHE was astonished, she said, at the Racket which was made about a Son of such a Creature as *Lydia Fairchild*. "Indeed, " and so am I," says Mrs. *Followclose*, " here's a-to-do indeed about a Brat's being " born of a Woman of no Family; but " the Mob, Miss, loves to signalize the " Birth of the Mob; I'll engage when you " are married, there will not be so much " Fuss about an Heir to the *Oldcastle* " Estate."

“To be sure,” says Miss, approving mightily the Stroke about her having an Heir; though probably, like *Sarah*, she smiled internally at the Thought of having a Son; the Time being pretty well advanced which puts an End to that Expectation.

WHATEVER might be the Expectation of Heirs, that of a Husband, however, was now in a more promising Way than she had for along while expected.

SIR *Simon Trueblood* Baronet, of the *Lands-end*, a Gentleman of Sixty, hale, and of good Constitution, whose purple Countenance spoke him of princely Dye, had buckled on his Sword, and was arrived at *Oldcastle-hill* to make love to this Maiden of ancient Family: Happily Sir *Simon* could trace his Pedigree from the *British* Race, and prove that neither *Saxons*, *Danes*, or *Normans*, had ever penetrated to his Mansion-seat, or mix'd their base Blood with his Family; his Estate was such as justified him in making Love to this Lady.

He was as much possessed with the Idea of ancient Family, as Miss *Oldcastle* herself, and preserved his Descent on a large Parchment

ment with as much Care as a Miser does an *East-India* Bond.

AFTER some Weeks of Service very humbly offered, the Pedigree being proved to the fair Lady's Satisfaction, Proposals were offered, and accepted; the Writings were drawing; the Wedding-cloaths were making; and all Things proceeding in the Primrose Path of Dalliance, as *Shakespear* elegantly expresses it, even to the fixing the nuptial Day.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Situation of Affairs, Master *John*, the favourite Servant, was still in great Esteem, and to be reserved as a kind of a Second, which sometimes does as well in Marriage as in Duels, especially where the Husband, being a little advanced in Life, may be supposed to have lost part of his Activity.

MASTER *John* was a kind of domestic Steward, who was fond of the Chase; the Baronet therefore one Day resolved to amuse himself with hunting a Pack of Beagles, which many a sly Farmer hinted were kept by the Mistress for the Amusement of the Man.

THEIR Intention was to rise before the Sun, and proceed at some Distance to hunt on a Part of the Country which was more open, and fitter for pursuing their Game; Master *John* was to be Companion in the Chase.

THIS Night, the preceding Night, oh! fatal Night! Miss *Oldcastle's* Business required the Attendance of Master *John* in her Bed-chamber; the Transaction was of a private Nature; the Night was past; the Business done; the Hour was come; the Clock struck five; Darkness still covered the Hemisphere; Master *John* then rose and dressed himself; the Circumstance of being in this Chamber not permitting him the Use of a Light.

Down he came; he drew on his hunting Boots, when mounting his Horse, he rode forth before the Dawning of the Day, accompanied with Sir *Simon*.

THRICE did his Horse stumble, which was never accustomed to make a false Step; thrice the sinister Raven croaked on the hollow Tree as he passed along: He took no warning, still all attentive to pursue his Sport; the Sun rising through the grey Morning,



Morning, Sir *Simon* surveying Mr. *John* and his Horse, beheld one blue Stocking peeping above the Boot, the other Ruffet.

LIKE *Hamlet*, or Mr. *Garrick* in Presence with the Queen at the Ghost's Appearance, this Object pierced to the very Heart of Sir *Simon*; he who never feared the stoutest Man in Wrestling, of all the Masters of the *Cornish*-hug, was struck with Faintness at the Apparition of a blue Stocking: He perceived it was of finest Worsted; his Soul suggested it could not be or *Sal's* or *Susan's*, the dairy Maid's or Cook's: His Honour felt a mortal Wound; his Mind recoil'd upon his Pedigree; he deserted the Chase; returned to *Oldcastle-hill*; prepared for his immediate Departure; and without taking leave retired towards his own Home. The Consternation was great on this Account in the Heart of Miss *Oldcastle*, till the Baronet stopping at a neighbouring Inn, sent back his Servant with the following Epistle, which cleared up the Mystery.

HE then proceeded to the *Lands-end*, and recounted at least once a Day the History of the blue Stocking to his last Moments. The Letter was in these Words.

D 5

"To

**"To Miss Oldcastle,**

**"THESE**

**"Present.**

**"MADAM,**

**"As I never intend riding in another  
 "Man's Boots, so I am determined no  
 "Man shall ride in the Stockings of the  
 "Lady I purpose to marry; your Man  
 "John will tell you more of this after he  
 "has look'd on his Right-leg.**

**"I am,**

**"Your most humble Servant,**

**"SIMON TRUEBLOOD."**

**ALAS!** it seems Fortune, that jilting Jade, being determined on Mischief, had directed Master *John* in dressing himself in the Morning (disastrous Mistake!) to put on one of his Mistress's blue Stockings for his own: The Match was spoiled; the stolen sweets discovered; the Tale was spread; the Lover gone; and Miss *Oldcastle* with *John* only for her Consolation; being fallen from the Summit of her high and virtuous Pretensions,

tenfions, to become the Joke of Country Milkmaids, and hard-handed Ploughmen, resolved to wed this very Master *John*, whose Skill and Fidelity she had fo often experienced. Thus terminated the external and visible maiden State of Miss *Oldcastle*, whose Pride had refused many a Gentleman in her Youth, because their Families were not ancient enough, to marry her Servant. Hence, ye People of high Blood, learn to pity the Slips of those of low; set not too high a Value upon the Antiquity of your Family-stem, lest being grown infirm with old Age, it breaks, and lets you fall, as it did Miss *Oldcastle*.

AND thus, like an old Ballad, we conclude this Chapter with a Moral.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. CVI.

*Parson Pugh resolves to see Lady Liberal: His Christian Virtue of Patience, and his worldly one of Valour, are both shewn in an exemplary Manner. The Adventure of the Players, and the Tudors, with the Parson's black Eye, together with Miss Trudgeit's Mistake, and Revival of old Acquaintance, make the Variety of this Chapter.*

**W**E must now cross the Channel which divides *England* from *Wales*, and pay our Attention to *Parson Pugh*. This Gentleman come back from *London* to his Wife and Family, (with the Money for which he had sold his Chaplainship in his Pocket) had returned to his old Vocations of keeping School, and being a Curate; he dropt the other Parts of selling Ale, and playing on the Harp, unless for his own Diversion.

THIS Gentleman observing in the Papers, that such a Day *Lydia* Countess of *Liberal* was happily delivered of an Heir to that illustrious Family in *Devonshire*, began, "Cot pless hur, Wife here is prave News  
"inteed, Miss *Lyty* whas now a Laty, aye



“ faithe, and prought to-ped of a fine Poy,  
 “ look you; Cor damochée hur has creat  
 “ Mind to sent a Letter on the shoyfull  
 “ Occashon, or faithe to co hursel name  
 “ O Cor.”

“ THAT whas prave Toings indeed,” says  
 Mrs. *Pugh*, “ leafe your Wife and Shiltrens  
 “ to co to the Tefil knows where to see a  
 “ Laty that whill not know hur when hur  
 “ toes come?”

“ NOT know hur,” says the Parson, “ by  
 “ Cor hur whas know hur, and kive hur a  
 “ Penefice too, whill tell you that.”

THE Wife opposed; the Parson persisted;  
 Words grew loud on the Side of Mistrefs;  
 so difficult it is for Divinity or Philosophy to  
 stop the Tongues of railing Women, preach  
 they Patience never so wisely, from the Days  
 of *Socrates* to Parson *Pugh*; but Christianity  
 prevailing in the Divine, he greatly suffer’d;  
 and tarrying till his Boots were new-tapp’d,  
 he mounted his little Keffil (*anglicé*, a Horse)  
 and proceeded to *Swansea*; here embarking  
 himself, and sending back his Beast, he  
 happily arrived with a fair Wind to the Port  
 of *Bideford*.

At

At this Town, pleasantly seated on the Side of a Hill facing the Rising-sun, and looking on a River as wide as the *Thames*, over whose full Tide twice twelve strong Arches form a noble Bridge, there was at that Time a Company of strolling Players; this Troop had most judiciously pitched upon a large Slaughter-house for their Theatre, the Place the best adapted in the World for the executing Comedies and Tragedies in their Manner.

THE Troop indeed was small, consisting of five Men and three Women; but then it made amends in Goodness for what was wanting in Number, all of them being Geniuses in the dramatic Way, not one of the whole Set, Male or Female, but what was universal in his Profession; they were not like your *London* Players confined to a few particular Parts only, each performed every Character with equal Perfection; the Men from *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, to the Grave-digger, Lictor, or Executioner in Tragedy; and, in Comedy, either Lord *Foppington*, *Sir John Falstaff*, or *Abel Drugger*, made no Difference: The Ladies also in Tragedy and Comedy dropt from *Belvidera* to *Nell*, from the Fair Penitent to *Mistress Abigail* in the *Drummer*; and all this

this in so excellent a Way, that the nicest Judge could not decide which Part was best play'd; a Circumstance very rarely to be found on any Stage.

THEIR Wardrobe indeed was but slender, the Fate of Merit, yet showy for the Quantity; the Suits of Mens Apparel extremely well laced with gilt Leather, which being disposed with Taste and Utility, a Union so rarely to be met with in the same Person, at once by most excellent Contrivance cover'd Holes, and display'd Finery; one Coat besides, which had been formerly black, and was still mistaken for that Colour by-night, together with Tye-wigs and Bags, Daggers made of Oyster-knives, Swords whose Rage no Scabbard could contain, together with an old Blanket died blue, to be spread for Information to the Audience that some Death was approaching, and to receive the falling Lover, made the Play-house Stock, besides one Set of Scenes adapted to all Plays; the Ladies Dress indeed should claim a separate Description, but as it answered in full Justice to that of the Gentlemen, we shall omit them. Their Dressing-room may be seen in Mr. Hogarth's Print of that Subject, better than I can describe it.

THESE

THESE Deficiencies in outward Appearances, were amply supplied by the Goodwill of the young Gentlemen of the Town; *Juba* never wanted a Banyan to make him an *African* Prince, nor *Cato* and his Senate good Night-gowns befitting the Dignity of *Roman* Senators; besides clean Shirts, which were frequently of no little Advantage when the idle Laundress had forgotten to bring home in the Evening the Linnen, which was delivered in the Morning; so that the Stock of Shirts being large, almost every Man having one at the Washing, and the other on, it could not be for want of Linnen, but of clean Linnen, that sometimes these Heroes, like *Harry* the Fourth of *France*, were distrest for a clean Shirt.

THE Ladies were all born of very good Families, render'd unhappy by Love, turn'd out to the World by some cruel Parents or Guardian, left Orphans without Support, or by some other blameless Misfortune, which had forced them, contrary to their natural Inclinations, upon the Stage; for being bred Gentlewomen, they knew not how to work, yet still of most severe Chastity.

This



THIS was a Life, however, they were most heartily tired of, as appeared from their Conversation in every Town they play'd, particularly towards the Approach of a Benefit-night; for which Reason they never failed most humbly to intreat the Favour of the Town, on this particular Occasion, to honour them with their Company, and enable them to quit that wretched Life, and return to some distant Relation who had promised to receive them; thus moving the Compassion of all kind Hearts, and unhackney'd Heads.

THIS Night was to be play'd *the Earl of Essex*, or *the Unhappy Favourite*, for the Joint-benefit of Mr. *Thwackit*, who was to perform the Part of *Essex*, and Miss *Trudgeit*, who represented the Queen.

INDEED the Unhappiness of the Earl manifestly appeared in all his Dress, at first Sight; so well was it adapted to his Circumstances. He was dressed in that mournful Suit which had been black, and was now of a sadder Colour; his Blue-ribband, which crossed him from Shoulder to Flank, was composed of two greasy Top-knots, a Child's Pewter-watch, well laquer'd, making the *George* at the End of it; and that which surrounded

surrounded his Leg was, in the literal Sense, a Garter ; his Action perfectly expressed his Misfortune in being in that Situation.

THE Queen herself, with a splendid Crown of Latin richly emboss'd and laquer'd, was dressed in a magnificent Paper-ruff, and a Robe of black Bayes, which by the Candle-light of that Theatre, peculiarly adapted to show black to the best Advantage, did not look much unlike Velvet to an incurious Eye, particularly as the Page behind her, with powder'd Hair hanging down his Back, dressed in a green-silk Waistcoat, borrow'd of Master *Jacky* \* \* \* \* \* (I hope I may be excused for my Prudence in not telling the Name) for that Occasion, was constantly employed to display the Train with much Ostentation ; this Parade almost took off all Suspicion that it could be less than Velvet.

THE other Parts were all dress'd to the like Advantage.

PARSON *Pugh* then being without Company at the Evening of his Arrival, and particularly as he had never seen a Play, imagined that he might innocently amuse himself with this Entertainment, as his Profession of Divinity was not known in that Town,

Town, and his Dress could give no just Reason to suspect it.

THE House was crowded at the Benefit of these favourite Players, and the Parson, who had never seen a Tragedy before, was totally engaged in attending the Performance; when the Piece proceeding, and the Queen coming to that Part where she strikes the Earl of *Essex*, the Divine abstracted from the Company, pleased with this Behaviour, cried, "There is *Tudor* for you, there is a Queen of *Welch* Plood, look you, show me such now if you dare; Cot damochée there is the Plood of *Owen Tudor* for you." The Audience was surprised, the Play was for a Moment suspended, and every Eye was turned on the Divine, who, lost in the Joy of *Tudor's* Resolution, was above being abash'd by thus expressing himself. The Tragedy then went on, and Parson *Pugh* gave no other vocal Approbation of the Performance.

AFTER the Play was ended, the Divine had a great Inclination to have some Discourse with this Lady, who, to his Apprehension, had performed so exquisitely well the Part of Queen *Elizabeth*, and done so much Honour to the Race of *Owen Tudor*.

He therefore finding that she lodged in the Inn adjoining, where he did also, repaired thither, and desired to speak with the Lady who performed the Part of Queen *Elizabeth*; this was readily complied with, and the Divine, Parson *Pugh*, was introduced to Miss *Trudgeit*: On such an important Occasion, this Gentlemen supposed it absolutely necessary to make a Speech.

“MATAM,” he begins bowing, “the  
 “hexcellent and creat Manner in which you  
 “tid perform the creat and hexcellent Cha-  
 “racter of that creat and hexcellent Queen  
 “*Elizapeth*, and to shustise to the Descen-  
 “tant of *Owen Tudor*, whas maak me te-  
 “fire to hafe a little Conversashons with  
 “you.”

THIS was as politely returned by Miss *Trudgeit*, and the Conversation begun.

THE Parson expressed himself in great Rapture on the whole of her Performance, particularly the Box o' the Ear. “Let me  
 “tell you, Matam, it was teliver'd in a  
 “princely Manner; I whonter how it whas  
 “possible for a Laty, not porn a Princess,  
 “to pehase in so princely a Manner.” Miss *Trudgeit*, who now perfectly comprehended  
 the



the worldly Knowledge of the Divine, told him that her Mother was a *Welsh* Lady descended from the *Tudors*; and thence she believed that all her Actions so much resembled those of a Princess.

“HUR tid peliefe so; aye faithe there  
 “whas creat Reasons, ant Causes, ant Intu-  
 “ments to peliefe hur whas tescented from  
 “the Line of *Owen Tudor*, look you.” A  
 Bottle of Wine being then called for by the  
 Divine, he desired the Lady to honour him  
 with taking a Glass, which she did for two  
 Reasons, both which our Readers may guess  
 if they can.

DURING this Potation, the Parson was mightily taken with the Behaviour of Miss *Trudgeit*, who was grown wise like *Ulysses* from having seen many Cities, known many Men, and much different Manners; she therefore, by a soft Wheedle, took Possession of the Divine's good Opinion, and was enjoying the Conversation, and the Wine, attending a Pork-griskin which the Parson had also ordered for their Suppers, being determined to have what was elegant, and of easy Digestion for a Lady of such great Blood.

DURING

DURING this Time Mr. *Thwackit* was employed in reckoning the Income of the House, when, to his Displeasure, he found that there were several more People in the Theatre than there was Money to answer for their Admission, and to the Number of Tickets which Miss *Trudgeit* had declared upon her Honour she had disposed of.

THIS Circumstance of Deficiency in Cash, therefore, being a penetrating Affair, had reached the Heart of Mr. *Thwackit*, and stirring it with some Violence, had sent him to the Apartment of Miss *Trudgeit* in no little Commotion.

"MADAM," says this Gentleman, in bursting into the Room where the *Welch* Divine, and the Descendant of the Line of *Tudor*, were sitting in Conversation together, "do you say you have accounted for all the Tickets you have disposed of?"

"Sir," replied Miss *Trudgeit*, rising in Wrath, "do you doubt my Honour?"

"DAMN your Honour, you Brimstone, do you talk of Honour who have cheated me in the Part of my Benefit?" says *Thwackit*.

AND

AND in Truth, which Secret we never would have discovered had she been of the true *Tudor* Extraction, this Lady, who, in the Eyes of Parson *Pugh*, resembled so much the Manners of a Princess (strange is the Mixture of human Nature!) had filch'd some of that Money which belonged to the Earl of *Essex*.

"DAMN you, you B—," says *Thwackit*, "give me the Money, or I'll kick you to Hell."

"Coot Worts, Coot Worts," says the Parson, rising in Wrath, "to you confiter to whom you whas taaking, look you?"

"To whom I am talking? To as great a W—e as ever travelled the Rounds of *Drury-Lane*. The Money, Madam, or the Kicking, give me the first, or take the last."

"PUPPY," says she, "you half-starved Rascal, who would not have had a Shirt to play in if you had not borrow'd it of Mr. \* \* \* \* \*. Did not I lend you two Top-knots to make you a Blue-ribbon band, and a red one to go round your Leg

“Leg to make you a Knight of the Garter;  
 “ter, you kick, you kill—”

THIS Speech was instantly answered by a Kick. When Parson Pugh, no longer able to restrain his Resentment at seeing a Descendant of the Line of *Tudor* treated in so indignant a Manner, dealt the Player a Blow, which being artfully returned, there ensued a most terrible Battle; the Parson being the best Wrestler, closed as soon as he could, and threw the Player a horrible Fall, which bruised, and sicken’d him to the Heart; yet not till the Player, being best skilled in Boxing, to talk in technical Terms, had darkened one of the Divine’s *Day-lights*, given him a damn’d *Drive in the Bread-basket*, and almost *crack’d his Knowledge-box*.

THE Noise alarming the Company in the next Room, they hurried in, and parted the two Combatants, each having rather too much, than enough of it; and thus the Battle hung in Equilibrio, and no Side could boast a Victory, *Jove* not having had time enough to set up his great Scales to weigh the Merits of the Combatants.

DURING this Scuffle, and the Fall, some Money escaped from the Pocket of Parson Pugh,



*Pugh*, about five Shillings in Silver, which *Miss Trudgeit* pick'd up, and secur'd, lest the Player should lay claim to it, which was the only Thing she engaged in during the Fray, because to be sure she would not lessen her Hero's Honour by suffering the other to say they were two to one.

Mr. *Tbwackit* being departed, the Parson had his Handkerchief tied about his Eye, and sat down with the Descendant of *Owen Tudor* to complete his Supper, and the Potation.

THE Evening was spent by this Lady in Thanks to Parson *Pugh* for defending her Honour; and in Answers by the Parson, that it was his Duty to defend every Branch of the *Tudors*: The Hour of Repose being arrived, the Parson, who slept in the same Inn, desired to withdraw, and left *Miss Trudgeit* to seek her Apartment.

Now it came into the Head of this Lady Fair, that the Parson could have espoused her Cause in this Manner with no other Design than that of being her Bed-fellow, and which she apprehended the Battle and Blows of Mr. *Trudgeit* had driven out of his Head.

She is therefore being of a benign Heart, and willing to supply, by her Memory, what was deficient in her Champion's, and repay his generous Behaviour for defending her Honour, with her Charms, as Knights-Errant ever wish to be repaid by their *Dulcineas*, determined to steal to the Parson's Room, and tenderly console him whilst he lay waking with the Anguish of his Eye.

THE Rooms in this Inn followed one another in a long Gallery, in two of which the Divine and Miss *Trudgeit* lay: This Damsel then stoutly resolving to seek her Paramour, left her own Bed in the dark, and stray'd to the next Chamber-door, when opening it very gently, she said, "Sir, Sir, are you a-sleep?" To which a Voice equally soft, replied, "No, Madam, no, come in." Accordingly, in Obedience to this Invitation, she entered the same Bed, when consoling the Parson for his Sufferings, she wonder'd he did not answer. "Pray, Sir, are you sleepy?" "No," says this Person aloud, in his own Voice. "Oh! Lord," says Miss *Trudgeit*, "where am I? Who are you? I am undone! Tell me, Sir?" Pretending great Hurry to be going, "Stop, stop," says her Bedfellow, "you must tarry here, now you are here, it is too late to make

“ make another Journey to-night ;” which, with some gentle Persuasion, she did: It seems she had mistaken, or did not perfectly know, in what Room the Divine was lodged, and had gone to another.

THE Day appearing, who should be in the same Bed together, visible to one another, but Mr. Goodfellow the London Rider, who had come to that Inn late that Night much tired, and his old Friend Charlotte, whom we have described at the George at Hounslow in another *Labour of ours*, when a most unhappy Disaster befel them.

It seems this Lady, being worn out as a Girl upon the Town, and discarded by those of the Partnership *quadrupartite*, who had her alternately for three Months, was now turn'd strolling Player, and having in some sense deserted the Character of a Whore, had modestly taken to those of Queens and Princesses.

THE Surprise was not a little it may be believed, on this renewing of old Acquaintance; *Mum* was the Word, the Secret was kept on both Sides; and here we end this Chapter for Novelty-sake, being the first concluded in the Morning.

## C H A P. CVII.

*The Parson shews a good Heart rather than much Knowledge of the World; assisted by a Countryman, after Miss Trudgeit, professing vast Friendship, refuses him the Loan of a Crown. He proceeds to Probit-castle.*

**T**HE Parson having passed a sleepless Night from the Anguish of his Eye, and other Bruises, was visited by Miss Trudgeit, who, admonished by what had happened in the Night, Manners changing in Ladies frequently with Light and Darkeness, gently rapt at his Chamber-door; when being bid to enter, she came, and with a Curtesey, desired to know how he had slept, expressing much Sensibility and Pain for his suffering on her Account.

THE Parson answered he felt nothing, when he considered for whom he had fought.  
 “ Cot damochée there is nefer a Tudor shall  
 “ pe apuser whilst Parson Pugh can resent  
 “ hur, look you; ’tis the Tuty of every  
 “ *Welchman* to die for the Clory of the  
 “ *Tudors.*”

THIS



THIS Kindness being returned with much Civility by the Lady, the Divine rose, and came down to Breakfast: It seems, notwithstanding this Beating was pretended not to be felt by the stoic Part of his Soul, it was very sorely so by his Body; his black Eye also gave him some Pain mentally when he saw it in the Glass, and considered that that Mark was no great Recommendation to a Parson who was going to visit a noble Friend in quest of a Living; he determined therefore to tarry at *Bidesford* till the Blackness should be worn away from his Eye, during which Time Miss *Trudgeit* did him the Honour to breakfast, dine, and sup with him daily, pretending great Apprehensions of her being ill treated by *Thwackit* when he was gone; and protesting that nothing in her Power should be wanting till the last Hour of her Life, to shew her Gratitude for such a Friend. Then putting on a Tragedy Air, and taking the Parson in her Arms, she cry'd out, being a little maudlin,

*Oh! I will love thee, even in Madness love thee:*

*Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me,  
I'd find some Intervals when my poor Heart  
Should swage itself, and be let loose to  
thine.*

This the Divine, deeply struck with the Power of these Words, said, was too much.

"Matam, it is too much, I to not refuse

"all this Friendship from you." However,

he was extremely sensible, and greatly af-

fected with this Goodness, and constantly

employed in singing the Praises of Miss

*Trudgett*, to the no little Diversion of the

other Actors.

At length the Time was come when the

Parson's personal Appearance might be safely

made at *Probit-castle*, without the dread Re-

proach of having broken the Peace: He

then called for his Bill from his Landlord;

when, lo! it exceeded the Length of his

Purse by full five Shillings, which Sum the

Parson also found deficient in his Stock,

without being able to explain by what means

it could come to-pass.

This Difficulty was immediately got over

by Miss *Trudgett*, who said, she believed she

could safely swear that it dropt from his

Pocket in his Scuffle with *Thwackit*, and

she did not doubt but he had stolen it.

The Divine then, with many Apologies,

requested this Lady to favour him with the

Loan of five Shillings to ballance his Ac-

count

count

count with his Host. "Miss," says he, "it shall be most faithfully repaid you, look you." "Do you think I doubt it?" says Miss *Trudgeit*, "my Misfortune is, unhappy Woman that I am, that my Powers cannot answer to the Generosity of my Soul: Oh! what Pain to this Heart, which beats with Gratitude, not to be able to supply so good a Friend, so worthy a Man! Sir, 'tis impossible to express what Grief I feel on this Occasion! My Bosom bleeds! 'Tis here, 'tis here," placing her Hand on her Heart theatrically, "it will not be at rest." And all this emphatic Speech was spoken whilst the Parson's Crown, and her Benefit-money, lay snug in her Pocket.

THE Divine, in this Dilemma, believing every Word she utter'd, and as much afflicted for the Lady as for himself, gave her great Thanks for the intended Goodness, begging her not to be in so much Pain on his Account. "Oh! Sir, you know not how it grieves me," she cried, pronouncing it with a Sigh, and great Pathos.

In this Distress Parson *Pugh* applied to *Jenkin Williams*, a Master of a *Welsh* Coal-bark at the *Key*, who lent him the Money he was indebted, and wherewithal to carry

him to *Probit-castle* without hesitating a Moment; such base Hypocrisy attends imitating the Great, and such Friendship being but the Little.

The Parson then having discharged his Bill, and taken a tender Parting from Miss *Trudgeit*, who was by no means behind-hand in pathetic Reply, mounted on Horseback for the Seat of Lord *Liberal*, the Race of *Tudar* smiling internally at the Simplicity of the Divine, who in that was surpass'd by none of the Fathers, and at the Ease with which she had duped him to her Purposes for more than a Week.

## CHAP.



C H A P. CVI.

*Parson Pugh arrives at Probit-castle; his Reception. Lady Liberal's Opinion on that Divine, which concludes in the Parson's getting a Living, and a Prayer for that noble Family, in which that Divine does not resemble every Bishop.*

**T**HE Divine, after a long Day's Journey, arrived safe at *Probit-castle*, where he was most cordially received; during the Road he had studied a Speech to make at first being introduced to the Earl and Countess; this he had settled to his Mind, and repeated a thousand Times on the Road. Being then introduced, he bow'd, and the Earl coming towards him to receive him, he cry'd, "Stop a little, look you, hur whas maak hur Speech." He then begun. "My Lort and Laty, I whas come to whish your Lortship, and your Latyship, and your young Heir, long Life and Prosperity; and that the young Nobleman may be as prave as his Laty Mother, ant as hantfome as his Father. Amen, pray Cot. Amen, I say, for the Honor and Clory of olt *Englant*."

THIS did very well, notwithstanding the Mistake in Bravery and Beauty, and the Parson was well contented with his Speech.

He then gave an Account of his tarrying at Bideford, and the Cause of it; his Heart was too replete with Honesty to let the Concealment of any thing remain long in it. This Story diverted the whole family extremely.

STRICT Orders were given to the Servants not to let the least seeming Disrespect escape from them towards this Stranger, at whose Nativity the Leek was in the Ascendant; a Constellation of great Choler to those who are born under it.

THIS cordial Reception gave this old Friend great Satisfaction, and communicated extreme Chearfulness to his Behaviour, which was no little Delight to the happy Pair whom he was come to visit. Lady Flimsy and Mr. Sweetwood were much pleased with him; and as he really felt and expressed the greatest Veneration and Esteem for the Lady and Lord of the House, and their new-born Sop, he was a great Favourite of Mrs. Fairebild.

THE Day was come when Lady *Flinfy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* were to return to *Worcestershire*; at which time was seen a Phenomenon that is not so frequently found as talked of, Symptoms of sincere Friendship: The Parting was painful, very painful on both Sides, to those who left the Castle, and to those who were left in it. Notwithstanding these Guests had sojourned there almost six Months, and the old Adage says, "Friends should never be more than a Week together;" the Promise of seeing at *Fairland-court*, my Lord and Lady *Liberal* was the great Comfort which remained between them.

PARSON *Pugh* being cordially received, wrote a Letter to his Wife of his good Reception, and was perhaps too much at Ease about his Flock to stand a scrupulous Enquiry; whereas she, good Woman, not being in so plentiful a Situation, got a Neighbour who could write, to tell him in a Letter that he was in Danger of losing his Curacy.

THE Parson then surveyed this Letter with no benign Aspect; the sojourning at *Probit-castle* was above any Thing he had ever

ever tasted in Life; which Circumstance inclined him much to stay there, and officiate as Chaplain: This being observed by the Earl, whose Humanity was boundless, "My *Lydy*, I think," says he, we must make "this old deserving Friend our Chaplain, "and give him the Living of this Parish, "as soon as the present very infirm Incumbent shall die."

"I should have no Objection to this, "my dear Lord, but that Mr *Pugh* will "be more unhappy, and the Parish less "religious by that Means," says her Ladyship.

"How so, *Lydy*, he is a very good Man? "What Cause have you for this Apprehension?"

"I confess he is a very good Man," says Lady *Liberal*, "but his Accent is so strong "in the *Welsh* Pronunciation, that the "Audience cannot refrain laughing at him; "this must of Necessity make him unhappy, "as he is by Nature choleric, and apt to "resent; and the People not separating the "Doctrine and Duty from the Man which "delivers and enforces them, will contract "a Habit of thinking lightly of these essen-



“**trial Things**, because of the **Ridicule** in  
“**which they will appear from his Lips.**

“**THENCE, my Dear,** will it not prove  
“**true that all Parties will be Losers by**  
“**your Design?**”

“**You saucy Philosopher,** pray where did  
“**you get this Knowledge?**” says the Earl.

“**FROM you Lips,** my constant Instruc-  
“**tor; from those Lips which never spoke**  
“**what I have not attended to with Plea-**  
“**sure.**”

“**VERY polite, indeed, Madam,** you  
“**deserve a Kiss for that; but how shall we**  
“**serve him, Lydy?** sure you would not have  
“**me leave your old Advocate unprovided?**”

“**By no means, my Dear,** purchase him  
“**a Living in his own Country,** where he  
“**will be loved, honoured, and at ease,**  
“**being in that Country what no Under-**  
“**standing can make him appear to be in**  
“**this Part of the World, on the Account**  
“**of his Pronunciation only, a Man of**  
“**Sense.**”

“**You have judged extremely right, my**  
“**dear Lydy, this shall be done.**” Accord-  
ingly

ingly the Divine was desired to look out for some Living in *Wales*; when luckily, that on which he was a Curate, being to be purchased, it was bought, and presented him. The News of this happy Acquisition was beyond expressing by the Divine: He returned his Thanks with the utmost Gratitude to his noble Patrons; after which, leaving *Probit-castle* loaded with Presents for Mrs. *Pugh*, and his Family, he retired to *Wales*, and spent a happy old Age, never failing to mention in his Prayer before Sermon, whether in *Welsh* or *English*, the Names of the Earl, Countess, young Nobleman, and all the Family as they increased in Children, after that Time, and imploring the Benediction of Heaven upon them, with a Sincerity which would not be amiss in many a Bishop when he bequeaths what the Legatee sometimes never receives, his Blessing; a Circumstance which may create a Doubt in some Minds, whether his Lordship always gives it or not.

## CHAP.

CHAP. CIX.

*Frank receives the Reward of his Honesty,  
in being made Steward.*

THE Steward of Lord *Liberal*, who had been long superannuated, was now dead at his own House near *Probit-castle*; immediately the Earl and Countess sent for *Frank* to attend them: The Moment he entered the Room, "*Frank*," says my Lord, "your Duty and Friendship to "*Lady Liberal*, and myself, obliges me, "with great Pleasure, to give you the Place "of my Steward; I have reserved it in my "Mind during the Decline of this honest "Man, who is now no more."

*Frank* bowing, was going to express his great Thanks, and at the same Time his Apprehensions of being unequal to the Task; when my Lord stopt him. "I "will instruct you; therefore, you are now "to quit your Livery, and take that Duty "upon you for mine and *Lady Liberal's* "Sake. Where shall I find a Man in "whom I can so perfectly confide?" *Lady Liberal* adding, "*Frank*, you will not re-  
fuse

"Tuse me this Request, when you can be  
" so useful to us and your young Master."

"Mr Lady," says *Frank*, imagining he  
was, like the other Steward, to live in a se-  
parate House, "but I shall lose, by this  
" Advancement, the Happiness of seeing  
" your Ladyship, my Lord, and young  
" Lord, twenty Times a Day. If I must  
" live where Mr. *Trueman* dwelt, what  
" can make me amends for that Loss? I  
" know none, but what you are pleased  
" to mention, the serving you more effec-  
" tually."

"You mistake," says Lord *Liberal*,  
"that Apartment, which I have new fitted  
" up, was designed for you, on purpose to  
" keep you where I know you will be with  
" most Pleasure to me, yourself, and Lady  
" *Liberal*."

THIS reconciling all Parties, *Frank* en-  
tered upon his Duty of Steward; and, ap-  
plying with Attention, soon made himself  
Master of the Business, to the great Satis-  
faction of his Lord and Lady, who, now  
his Condition was altered, had the Pleasure  
of treating him with more Equality and  
Freedom.

H2



“to assist to us and your young Master.”

He was now become Mr. *Lovegood*, and the Name of *Frank* dropt by all the Family; and, what is yet not a little surprizing, there was not a Fellow-servant who sur-veighed this Rise with Pain or Envy; they all sincerely acknowledged his deserving it, and wished him Joy accordingly. His Behaviour continued the same; without Pride, Insult, or Overbearing; the best of Ser-  
vants.

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### C H A P. CX.

*A Visit to Fairland-court, together with a small Stay at Bristol, where Lady Liberal remembers what most Ladies are apt to forget.*

**L**ORD and Lady *Liberal* were now pre-paring to visit Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy*. In their Road they intended passing through *Bristol*; this Lady *Liberal* had purposely desired, to pay a Visit to that Gentleman who had so sincerely com-miserated her Distress, and been her Friend, when she was formerly with Lady *Flimsy* in that City.

BESIDES this, in Conversation with Lady *Flimsy*, she had understood, that the ten Guineas which that Gentleman had given her, when she left *Bristol*, had not been from Lady *Flimsy*'s Order, as she imagined for a long while; but from the generous Motive of his own tender Heart. She was for that Reason determined to stay one Day in *Bristol*, to thank that Gentleman for his Beneficence.

BEING arrived at that City, this noble Pair sent their Compliments to the Gentleman whom we have just mentioned; who, in Consequence of this Message, immediately waited upon them.

AT his Coming into the Room, Lady *Liberal* rose from her Seat, and advancing to meet him, with all the Tokens of grateful Truth in her Face, said, "Sir, I am  
 " come to thank you for that humane  
 " Friendship which you manifested in my  
 " Distress; I have but lately understood  
 " that the ten Guineas which you presented  
 " me, at leaving this Town, was from  
 " your Generosity, otherwise I should have  
 " thanked you long since by Letter, and  
 " have only omitted it with Design to wait  
 " upon you in Person."

" My

"MY Lady, I am sorry you remember  
"the little Pleasure I did myself by that  
"Action; I hoped you had lost all Re-  
"membrance of that Injury which was the  
"Cause of it;" answered the Gentleman.

"No, Sir, that I never can; that would  
"rob me of thinking of you," she replied.

THE Earl then thanked him with the  
same Politeness; when the Gentleman de-  
sired Lord and Lady *Liberal* to sleep at his  
House; which they accepted, and were re-  
ceived with a Countenance which gives  
Pleasure to the best Entertainment. During  
her Stay, Lady *Liberal* found an Opportu-  
nity of making the eldest young Lady  
amongst that Gentleman's Daughters, a  
Present, which she had designedly prepared.  
The Morning before she began to proceed  
on her Journey, the Countess took an  
enamelled Snuff-box from her Pocket,  
which the eldest Lady who presided in the  
House (for this Gentleman is a Widower)  
much admired. "Miss," says Lady *Libe-  
ral*, "will you give me Leave to present  
"it to you? it will give me much Pleasure  
"if you will accept it." The young Lady  
genteely accepted it. "But then," says  
Lady

Lady *Liberal*, "I must insist upon your  
"not seeing the Inside till I am gone."

To this the Gentleman's Daughter politely replied, "Her Ladyship should be  
"obeyed," and the Box was given into her Hands.

PLEASED with their Entertainment, and with the paternal Affection which this worthy Father and Friend had shewn to his lovely Family; my Lord and Lady *Liberal* took Leave, desiring to see him and them at *Probit-castle*.

THE Coach was driven from the Door; the Gentleman and his Children returned to the Parlour, when the second young Lady said, "Pray Sister see what is in your Box?" When opening it, there was found a Pair of Diamond Ear-rings, with a Bit of Paper, signifying that the Friendship of her Father had made her that Present. "The genteel  
"Way in which this Present is made me,  
"is even more agreeable than the Gift itself," says the young Lady.



## C H A P. CXI.

*The Arrival of Lord and Lady Liberal to Fairland-court. The Birth of a Daughter. Mr. Sweetwood made Member of Parliament. A small Disquisition on a Lady more talked of than known.*

TO describe the Reception at *Fairland-court*, is but to make another Picture of what pass'd at *Probit-castle*, at the coming of *Lady Flimsy* and *Mr. Sweetwood* into that Country. *Sir Timothly Laugbloud*, who had been a former Admirer of *Lady Flimsy*, visited *Mr. Sweetwood* soon after his Marriage, and wished him Joy. " 'Sblood," says the *Baronet*, " because I cannot marry *Lady Flimsy* myself, must I be unacquainted and angry with him who does?—" Not at all." The *Baronet* then, the general Election for Members of Parliament coming on, told *Mr. Sweetwood*, he would give him his Interest, and then *Beef* and *Juvenile* may whistle and be damn'd, after the County, if they will.

ACCORDINGLY the Union of their Interests carried the Election in Favour of *Mr. Sweetwood*, *Lord Liberal* persuading him much

much to represent the County: "I shall  
 " then be more sure of seeing you in Lon-  
 " don in Winter." A little before this  
 Time Lady *Flimsy* had presented Mr. *Sweet-*  
*wood* with a lovely little Girl, to which the  
 Earl and Countess stood Sponsors. "This  
 " is, as I wish it," says the Countess, " a  
 " little Wife for my Son." " True, *Lydy*,"  
 says the Earl, " If the Consequence prove,  
 " in that Manner," says Lady *Flimsy*, " I  
 " shall scarce repent its not being a Boy."  
 " It shall be a Match," says the Earl.  
 " Yes, if they love each other," said the  
 two Ladies, " not otherwise."

DURING the Time this noble Pair tar-  
 ried at *Fairland-court*, Lady *Flimsy*, amongst  
 other Conversation, said one Day, " Lady  
 " *Liberal* you cannot conceive how I have  
 " been treated for speaking in Favour of  
 " Lady \* \* \* \*, by the Wives of those  
 " Gentlemen, who are in the opposite In-  
 " terest to Mr. *Sweetwood*; the Reason of  
 " it is this: It seems the Lady I have just  
 " mentioned, at present lives with a Gen-  
 " tleman in a neighbouring County; this  
 " has created some satyrical Conversation  
 " amongst many who condemn her, rather  
 " from the Motive of keeping the Eyes  
 " of other People from examining them,  
 " than

than from any real Offence which she gives them.

It seems this Viscountess, a Widow at eighteen, who had but lately lost the Man she loved to excess; with a Beauty, the Superiority of which, no one has ever denied; a Grace and Gentility which can be hardly equalled; and a Mind fitted for the Reception of all that is delicate in Love; was urged by her Father to marry a Nobleman, whose Aspect and Behaviour vindicates Aversion in Woman. So strong was her Parent's Inclination on that Head, that absolute Dismission from his Care and Favour was to be the Consequence of a Refusal. Urged by filial Duty, and having reaped nothing from the first Marriage, but infinite Affliction for the Death of him she adored, to whom her Behaviour and Fidelity had been irreproachable; in this Distress she was fatally prevailed upon to marry her second Lord, the natural Consequence of which was Aversion, and at last a Resolution to desert him, for another Man whom she loved. What Bosom can resist the double Power of Hatred, forcing a Woman from the Object of Aversion, and Desire drawing her to that of Love? This Action, however, I do not at all defend;

“ defend; yet when I recollect what my  
 “ Soul felt when linked to Lord *Flimsy*, I  
 “ rather pity than condemn this Lady:  
 “ Various has been her Life since that Time,  
 “ frequently trying to force her Soul against  
 “ all her Feelings and Sensations, she has re-  
 “ turned to her Lord, struggling with Na-  
 “ ture for the Approbation of the World;  
 “ again his strange Behaviour has driven  
 “ her abroad to shun that Temper which is  
 “ insupportable.- Hard is her Fate, and to  
 “ be pitied; with a generous Humanity  
 “ which would become an Empress, an  
 “ Understanding that does Honour to her  
 “ Sex, with all the Accomplishments so  
 “ rare in Woman, had she been as happy  
 “ in the second as the first Lord, she must  
 “ have been the most adored and envied  
 “ of all the Nobility; this that fatal Mar-  
 “ riage absolutely destroyed.

“ YET setting aside all this Consideration  
 “ of that Violation which was offered to  
 “ her Soul in her second Marriage, methinks  
 “ it is the strangest Thing on Earth, that  
 “ this Lady, who has deserted her Lord’s  
 “ Bed, tho’ she lives with another, should  
 “ be more disesteem’d than Women with-  
 “ out the first Excuse, who living still with  
 “ their Families, daily commit the Act of  
 “ Adultery, and rise reeking from the Arms  
 “ of



“ of their Gallants, to return to those of  
 “ their Husbands. Certainly, in a true  
 “ Judgment of this Affair, those who leave  
 “ their Lords, are less culpable, and less  
 “ indelicate, than those who continue with  
 “ them in the above Manner; and yet  
 “ Numbers of the latter, known to offend,  
 “ see and receive the best Company, whilst  
 “ the others are neither visited by, or visit,  
 “ any People of Rank at all.”

“ INDEED,” says Lady *Liberal*, “ I am  
 “ of your Opinion.” “ And yet having  
 “ once declared mine in this Manner,” says  
 Lady *Flimsy*, “ I have been since treated  
 “ as a Defender of those Women whom  
 “ all chaste Ladies should be ashamed to  
 “ name.”

“ BUT, I fancy, the leaving Husbands  
 “ will soon become so common, that it  
 “ will be as little singular as living with  
 “ them; for this new Law, putting Chil-  
 “ dren in the Power of Parents and Guar-  
 “ dians to marry them to whom they  
 “ please, will naturally improve that  
 “ Fashion by wedding them to their De-  
 “ struction; which seems to be the chief  
 “ Design of its being made.”

## C H A P. CXII.

*The Manner in which Lady Liberal and Lady Flimsy pass some of their Time in London. Some Observations of Lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood, on the Behaviour of Numbers and Individuals, left to the Reader's Decision.*

**T**HE Visit being pass'd, Lord and Lady *Liberal* returned to *Probit-castle*, Friendship in each Family improving by Acquaintance; a literary Correspondence was constantly kept up on each Side, by both the Gentlemen and Ladies.

It was remarkable, that the two Families resembled each other extremely; in each the Servants press'd who should first obey the Summons of their Masters and Ladies; Duty was their Delight, and that was always repaid by Approbation, in their Superiors; they knew the Consequence of Quarrels and Misbehaviour, was instant Dismission; for which Reason all was Peace and Tranquillity. The Manners of the Heads  
of

of these Families were transfused through all below, and Happiness reigned every where.

THE Winter approaching, Lord *Liberal* and his Lady prepared to return to *London*; the Heart of the Countess was in piteous taking at the leaving her dear little *Arthur*, which was her Son's Name. However, she could not think of taking him with her, nor of being so long absent from her dear Lord *Liberal*. A Day or two, just before she was leaving the Country, she was playing with him in her Arms, admiring all those Charms which the fond Eyes of Parents discover in their own Offspring, asking her Lord, who was looking on with infinite Delight, if he was not a fine Boy? "As ever was born," replied the Earl. At which Words, the Countess pressing him to her Lips, the Earl perceived the Tear stealing down her Face. "What can be the Occasion of this Weeping, *Lydy*?" says he in Surprize. "I was thinking if I should never behold this dear Being again," she answered. "What Ingenuity are you practising to torment yourself?" says the Earl. Mrs. *Fairchild* adding, "My Child, I think this Distrust is criminal."

THE Day came, and after a Million Kisses, the fondest of Parents left this charming Child chiefly to the Care of Mrs. *Fairchild*, and Mr. *Lovegood*, and began their Journey to *London*; to which Place being arrived in Safety, the next Day brought Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*. A rural Life was the Delight of these old-fashion'd two Pair of People, Cards seldom made a Part of their Pastime; they therefore set about considering how to spend their Hours in *London*, more agreeably than in Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, and Tempests.

PEOPLE of Fortune have it in their Power to chuse what Company they please; Lord *Liberal*, since his Title and Estate were fallen to him, had studied the Constitution of his Country, and entertained himself with polite Literature; he had created also a great Pleasure for the latter in Lady *Liberal*; her Taste was just and elegant, yet she never spoke her Opinion but with Diffidence, and never interfered in reading or deciding of Writings, which by their Nature require much Application to understand. Lady *Flimsy* was of the same Disposition; only sometimes carrying her Opinion a little farther, imagined that Women were as good Judges as Men in all Works of Literature, if they would read and apply; Mr. *Sweetwood*



wood used frequently to rally her on this Occasion: This Gentleman, we have said, was bred a Scholar.

THE Resolution then of these Ladies, with the Approbation of their Husbands was this, That each House, once in the Week, should entertain a Set of Men of good Sense and Learning with a Concert for two Hours; which being finished, the Productions of the Winter, as they came out, should be critically examined: From this Method, the Faults and Excellencies of every Piece would be truly known, as some would be approving, and others disliking particular Parts and Passages, and its real Desert would certainly be discovered at last.

THIS, put into Execution, was a pleasing Entertainment, where the Ladies presiding, gave an Air of Decency, which nothing but the Company of Women can impart to that of Men: It became the Mode so much, that three Ladies of Quality absolutely dismissed all Thoughts of having Routs, and began Assemblies of this Kind: But unluckily their Lords being of the modern Education of Lord *Flimsy*, could cut no great Figure in that Way of Life; wherefore, growing tired of good Sense, the Men of Learning were refused Admittance, and

Sharppers, Pimps, and Gamesters, again took Possession of their Lordships, their Houses, and their Money.

DECENT theatrical Representations made a great Part of their Pleasure in *London*; but the Complaint was almost universal, that even the inimitable *Shakespear* became tiresome by frequent Repititions, as they knew every Motion and Gesture of the Actor before he pronounced a Word.

THE Time was now arrived when the national Assembly was to meet and deliberate on the most material Considerations of the public Weal. Mr. *Sweetwood* was a new Member; strenuous in his Country's Interest; Lord *Liberal* had distinguished himself in the same Manner.

THESE Gentlemen always compared their Sentiments upon the Subjects which were to come before them, and became good Speakers in Public.

MR. *Sweetwood* was more in the diffuse and flowry Style of speaking, with Elegance and Propriety.

THE Earl *Short*, succinct, and clear.

EACH of them listened to, and much applauded for the Integrity and Truth which appeared in their Speeches; and then immediately opposed by those very Men in Favour of a M——r, and in Contradiction to the public Welfare.

ONE Day Lord *Liberal* sitting with Mr. *Sweetwood*; and conversing on the Subject of national Affairs, observed how strange the Effects of a Number of Men, united in one Cause, appeared to be to him. “I believe,” says he, “I can always tell the Division on any Question before it is put; and it is remarkable, that the Nature of the Debate makes but little Difference in the Number of those who approve or disapprove the Question; the very Nature of those Votes which each Man gives, thus combined, without Difficulty, would intimidate any one of them from daring to give singly: Pray, is not the Sense of Shame like the Fear of Death diminish’d by Numbers; the Coward loses his Timidity in Proportion to the Army in which he is engaged; and the Man of Honour his Shame in Proportion to the Numbers which appear with him in the same Cause; otherwise, it appears inconceivable how Men, who have voted

“ to the Destruction of their Country in  
“ the Morning, can expect the Esteem of  
“ their Fellow-subjects after Noon, and yet  
“ this is an every Day's Object; perhaps  
“ the frequent Repetition of the same  
“ Thing, has eradicated the Sense which  
“ originally attends it.

“ METHINKS; a Man who has publicly  
“ violated his Honour, like a Woman who  
“ has prostituted her Chastity, should be  
“ shunn'd by all honest Men of his Sex, as  
“ the Females are by all the Virtuous of  
“ their own; this public Chastisement of  
“ their corrupted Hearts would render  
“ them more cautious in their M—l Obe-  
“ dience; this Stigma would teach them  
“ to proceed at least with more Circum-  
“ spection.”

“ My Lord, your Judgment one would  
“ imagine should be right, and in Nations  
“ where Honour is in Esteem, and Virtue  
“ cherished, it must be so; but unhappily  
“ all those, a few excepted, who should  
“ look on and despise, secretly approve  
“ the Barter of Integrity for Money, and  
“ laugh at those whose Conscience prevents  
“ them from pawning their Souls for the  
“ Interest of their Bodies, secretly wishing  
“ for the like Opportunity.”



"I AM afraid what you say, Sir, is too true," replied the Earl, "yet I shall preserve my old Way of thinking, and give that Advice which I believe my Country stands in need of; let the Sin be at the Door of those who reject it."

Mr. Sweetwood professed the same Manner of proceeding; saying this, they went in the same Coach each to their respective Duties.

## C H A P. CXIII.

*Foolish Behaviour of two fond Mothers, with respect to their Children. Lady Liberal's Presents to the Girls, and her Lord's to the young Men, of the Parish; perhaps as well worth imitating as Lady Di's Cap, or Lady Betty's new Negligee. Contrary to all Appearance, Lord Liberal supports three Kept-mistresses; the Jealousy of his Lady, and the Consequences of it fully explained; ends better than expected; Festivity and Gratitude.*

THE Winter Season was pass'd, and the happy Hour arrived which was to carry back their Families to their dear Little-ones; Lady Liberal and Lady Flimsy's Hearts panted with Joy at the Thoughts of soon seeing their dear little Boy and Girl.

THE Journeys being finished, the Children were presented to the Arms of their fond Mothers, who kissed them with excessive Rapture, their Fathers almost struggling to get in a Kiss. Then Lady *Liberal* turning to Mrs. *Fairchild* embraced her with all possible Duty; at the same Time thanking her for the Care she had shewn to her Son. "My Child," says the venerable Mother, "is it not my Son as well as yours? I am convinced I love him as well as you can;" and indeed the Fondness of this good Woman was inexpressible towards this Grandchild; she never forsook him but a few Hours at a Time, and then with Pain.

THE chief Delight of this Pair was to communicate the Happiness they felt to all who lived in any Sense dependant on them; the Farmers who rented his Lordship's Estates, who were most diligent and industrious, were his greatest Favourites; he, therefore, to promote their Happiness, told Mr. *Lovegood*, "that wherever an industrious Man seemed to want sufficient Stock on his Estate, to lend him Money; there are particular Times when Grass is in greater Plenty than usual; at these Times Money must be useful to buy Cattle or  
" Sheep

“ Sheep to eat that which would be otherwise uselessly wasted; therefore, Mr. *Love-good*, lend them Money at that Time to purchase what they want; by this means they will be more at Ease, and grow rich, which is a Circumstance I much desire to see all my Tenants in.”

THIS being observed, all of them thrived under their Lord, and blest his Footsteps wherever he went; not a Man on his Estates who would not have ventured his Life freely in his Service.

*Lady Liberal* every Spring gave two Linen Gowns to two Servant Maids, which were well spoken of by their Masters and Mistresses; or to two Farmers Daughters, whose Characters were most esteemed: His Lordship also presented two new Coats to the Farmers Sons, or Servants, whose Skill in Husbandry and good Behaviour was most eminent: These little Presents excited such an Emulation in all who dwelt in his Parish, that no one Servant of bad Reputation dared to seek Service in that Place; accordingly the best coming there only, the whole Parish soon became a regular and good Family; and in a few Years all the Men had Coats, and the Servant Maids Gowns, from the Lord and Lady of the *Castle*; which

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was as great an Honour as a Title, or a blue Ribband, in their Opinion, and as virtuously obtained.

By this means those who married together were such Kind of People, who promised most to succeed in the World; and when their Family increased very fast, Lady *Liberal* assisted in providing for their Little-ones.

In the whole Parish there was not a single Man or Woman who received Pay as a poor Person; there were three old Women whose Labour was past, whose Industry had been great, and brought up large Families; these his Lordship placed in one House, to assist each other; and took care that they should want nothing necessary to make their Lives as happy as possible. These three old Women his Lordship called his kept Mistresses, and frequently stopt to ask how they did, smiling when he returned, and kissed his Lady, saying, "*Lydy*, what a Hypocrite I am to kiss thee with such Fondness, when I am but just come from visiting my three kept Mistresses."

"INDEED, my Lord, I shall be jealous if you go on this Way; I cannot suffer it. I hope, however, I am your favourite"  
"*Sulana*."

"INDEED"



"INDEED you are," replied the Earl.

"THEN I must be still content, and endeavour to preserve myself in that Situation," replied his Lady. In Truth, notwithstanding these three Women were such dangerous Rivals to her Ladyship, she generously forgave them, and paid them as frequent Visits as his Lordship, never showing the least Mark of Jealousy.

THE Incumbent had been some time dead, and the Son of the late Steward presented to the Living.

AT the Time of doing this, the Earl said, "Sir, I give you this Living in Consideration of the Merits of your Father; and I believe you will deserve it by your own. In my Opinion, much more depends on the Behaviour of a Divine, than is generally imagined; therefore, to complete the Design I have put in Execution, to make this Parish happy, I must request that you make the whole Duty of your Profession your Practice, that the Church be duly served, and the Parishioners, during Sickness, strictly visited; the Mind at Ease is more likely to permit the Body to recover Health than when it

" is

“ is not so ; and my three old Ladies must  
“ not be forgotten at some Times.”

THIS was well received by Mr. *Trueman*,  
and constantly observed, by means of which  
this Parish was the happiest in the Nation ;  
and this Lord's Esteem and Influence irresist-  
able in the County.

IN the *Christmas* Holidays there was two  
Days Festivity in the *Castle* for all the Pa-  
rish, the Farmers and their Children the  
first Day, and three Days after their Ser-  
vants ; their Entertainment was equal, and  
the Earl and Countess each Day sat at their  
Tables, in Company with their Guests ;  
perhaps no Object could offer, to a grate-  
ful Mind, a more pleasing Entertainment,  
than to behold these People enthusiastic in  
Expressions of their Love to this truly noble  
Pair. What grateful Joy appeared in their  
Countenances, when his Lordship and Lady  
*Liberal*, after a Glass of Wine or two to  
their Healths, Dinner being finished, left  
them to enjoy themselves as they pleased !  
What fervent Thanks, and earnest Bles-  
sings, burst from the Lips of Young and  
Old as they passed along !

SUCH continued the Happiness of this  
Lord and Lady, their Family increasing  
in

in a most beautiful Progeny, as did that of Lady *Flimsy*, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, at *Fairland-court*. Every Winter these Families met in Town, and every Summer alternately visited each other; this with the Company of Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his Lady, Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, and many other deserving Families visiting at *Probit-castle*, made that Abode a perfect Paradise.

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## C H A P. CXIV.

*A Voyage back to America, made on Purpose for Cannassatego, in which the Reader sails safely without Danger of drowning. A joyful Meeting of returning Lovers, in which a small Touch of a faithful Dog is introduced for Variety's Sake.*

**W**E must now take our Readers a-cross the great *Atlantic Ocean*, to follow the *Indian Prince*, whose Voyage being swift and propitious, will, we hope, be no displeasing Account to our humane Readers. He was landed at the City of *New-York*, where he did not tarry two Hours after he had brought his Presents on Shore; but finding some of his own Nation, who were returning

returning to the Town in which *Decanessora* resided, he intreated their Assistance in carrying home what he had brought to that Place. Here he was received with Transport, by these his Fellow-countrymen, who gave him the pleasing Relation, that *Yarico* was yet living, waiting the happy Minute of his Return with fond Impatience.

THIS Intelligence gave fresh Vigour to the Soul of *Cannassatego*, and animated his Steps as he walked along the Forest. *Yarico* not knowing from what Cause the sudden Change proceeded, felt unusual Pleasure at the Thoughts of *Cannassatego*; that Gloom which had so long hung upon her Bosom was dissipated; she visited the wonted Places of their Resort with Delight; and one Day, the Gaiety which revel'd at her Heart, urged the Song from her Lips which had forgotten that Usage since *Cannassatego* left her, unknowing what she did. Such Alteration this undiscovered Something had produced in her Bosom, like the returning Spring to Birds, whose Warblings have been frozen through the long inclement Winter, it opened her Throat to Melody.

THE Change did not pass unobserved, tho' the Cause was only suggested. She said,  
 " he comes, my Lover comes, tis his Ap-  
 " proach



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“proach imparts this Pleasure! Alas! I fear;  
“yet why—he comes, my Heart forebodes  
“his wish’d Arrival!”

THE *Indian* Chief being now near the Dwelling of *Decanessora*, spoke to his Companions, and intreated one of them to go before, and with gentle Terms open his Return to *Yarico*; “perhaps her Bosom  
“may not bear the Flood of Joy with which  
“my sudden Presence may overwhelm it.”

THIS was done, and the Moment *Yarico* received the Intelligence, swift as the Mountain Roe she fled to meet him; her open Arms, her Voice proclaimed her coming; at Sight of which the Chief ran to meet her, when rushing into each other’s Arms, excessive Joy held them mute, the others gazing on.

At length recovering, “Art thou return’d?” she cried, “Do I hold thee  
“to my Heart?” “I am, and thine,  
“my Soul, my every Bliss,” replied the Prince. They then proceeded to *Decanessora*’s Abode, gazing on each other with ineffable Delight. *Decanessora* received him with true Friendship, “Welcome, my  
“Friend, now thou hast proved thyself thy  
“Country’s

“Country’s Friend, first of thy Nation in  
“daring Enterprize.”

THE following Day was spent between *Cannassatego* and *Yarico*, whilst Messengers were sent to the six Nations to summon their Sachems to attend the Report of his Voyage.

In the Morning this happy Pair of *Indian* Lovers retired to the Rock which she had often visited during his Absence; here the Chief related what he had seen during his Voyage, whilst *Yarico* listen’d with attentive Pleasure to the various Tales: He then displayed the Presents which he had brought her, and described the Character of the lovely Pair which presented them to her; she was amazed at the Picture, and pressed it to her Lips a thousand Times; saying, “ ’Tis the very Image which dwelt in my  
“Heart during your Absence.” Amongst the many Welcomes to his Country which he received, the expressive Joy which his faithful Dog manifested at his Return, must not be forgotten; this Creature frisk’d from Place to Place with inexpressible Delight, leapt up to his Master with caressing Motions, then ran to *Yarico* in the same Manner to tell her his Joy at her Lover’s Return, which Fondness was much admired and rewarded

warded by these Lovers: During the time of *Cannassatego's* Absence he had been her constant Companion in all her Walks, as if conscious of her Dejection, and as her Guardian in her solitary Retirements.

THE Sachems of the Nations were now assembled, and *Cannassatego* present to relate the Result of his Voyage; one solemn Silence reigned thro' the whole Assembly. He begun.

“SACHEMS and Warriors of the *Indian*  
“Nations, behold me returned from beyond  
“the rising Sun; the Voyage of many  
“Moons is at length accomplished; great  
“was the Toil, would that the Result had  
“answered to the Undertaking.

ALAS! such as this Land nurtures, such  
“faithless Men inhabit in those Regions  
“whence I come; in vain I sought that  
“Sachem who rules the Councils of the  
“great King; his Words were all one  
“Tale of Falshood; he listened not to the  
“Distress of *Onondagan* or *Cayagan*; nor  
“have these Eyes once beheld the great  
“King; slighted, neglected, you and your  
“Welfare; what have we but to turn our  
“Arms against them, and vindicate the  
“Lands

" Lands which the great Spirit has given  
" us?

" Nor is this to me a Wonder ; I, who  
" beheld the Sachems of the People chosen  
" for yellow Dirt, they are no longer free ;  
" a Nation of voluntary Slaves, who sell  
" themselves and Country to those who bid  
" the highest ; Wisdom is rejected for this  
" Ore ; nor in their Councils only does this  
" take Place, their Warriors even are  
" chosen from this Possession : Thus Valour  
" and Prudence being excluded by Dirt  
" alone, what can we expect from such  
" hireling Souls, and Men unequal to the  
" Task of conducting Armies.

" Did you behold their Warriors with  
" timorous Step tread the cold Earth, aghast  
" whilst the bleak Winds are whistling  
" round their Heads, you would smile at  
" the Threats they pronounce against our  
" *Indian* Nations ; their very Arrogance  
" will lead them to Destruction, if they  
" come ; their Way of Combating will be  
" their own Defeat ; the very Incumbrances  
" of Houses and Equipage, with which  
" they march to Battle, will be instrumental  
" to their undoing, in the Woods of *Ame-*  
" *rica*, Can the pamper'd Sons of Ease,  
" whose Limbs are nightly inclosed in the  
" soft



“ soft Folds of Linnen to shield them from  
 “ Inclemency, bear the cold Earth like  
 “ *Indian* Bosoms, who shiver not at Snows  
 “ or Tempests, covered by the Skies alone,  
 “ or Trees that spread their Branches round  
 “ them ?

“ In me, and my Treatment, you are  
 “ despised ; revenge the Insult ; let these  
 “ Invaders see that *Indian* Nations have  
 “ yet the Power of Vengeance ; the Chain  
 “ is broken ; let the War-kettle be boiled,  
 “ and arm yourselves to your Defence and  
 “ Honour.”

THIS Speech being finished, the Sachems  
 thanked *Cannassatego* for the great Perils  
 he had undergone in the Service of his  
 Country. He then told them his Design of  
 wedding *Yarico* ; when immediately the best  
 House in the Town was given him, and all  
 the Nation throng'd to present him with  
 what is necessary to furnish it in that Coun-  
 try.

THE next Day made him happy in the  
 Arms of *Yarico*, where mutual Bliss reigned  
 during their Lives ; he the most renown'd  
 for War and Wisdom, she for domestic  
 Management and Beauty.

## C H A P. CXV.

*Honest Mac Valor shews that his Heart is better than his Speeches; a short Chapter well worth remembering.*

**I**T was now the Winter Season when Lord and Lady *Liberal* were in *London*; Capt. *Mac Valor* had been on a Cruise, and behaved like a gallant Commander; he had taken, after an obstinate Resistance, a *French* Man of War of superior Force to himself.

BESIDES this true Proof of his Courage, he had taken considerable Prizes, and was become rich; the first Day he returned to *London* he came to visit the Earl *Liberal*. "Now," says he, "my dear Lord you were my Friend when I had not a Shilling to eat. Will you let me give you five thousand Pounds? 'tis half I have; and by my Shalwasthon I would give you all, and more too; but *Peggy* and the Children must have the rest you know." The Earl smiled, and thanked him for his generous Return; but told him he would by no means lessen the Reward of his Valour; "I have all I wish, and not a little additional Joy in seeing you thus  
"happy."

“ happy.” *Mac Valor*, however, gave him his Picture set in Diamonds; which was readily accepted. He then persisted to serve his King and Country in beating their Enemies, and increasing his Honour, till growing old he returned and finished his Days with *Peggy*, in his native Land. Thus ends this Chapter, and the History of *Mac Valor*.

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## C H A P. CXVI.

*Lord Liberal's Illness; his Lady's Affection and Duty; the Fear of his Friends, Tenants, and Servants for his Life; to which is added his Lordship's Return of Thanks for his Deliverance, and theirs also; including the Parson and Clerk. The Education of Children, in which the Heart is not neglected for the Sake of the Head; an Observation not altogether useless, we hope, for the good of many others.*

TEN thousand Circumstances must be passed over in this History to hasten to the Conclusion; every Year resembled the preceding in Love and Tenderneſs; the Earl at last was ſeized with a Fever, which threaten'd

threaten'd him with great Danger: During this Time, Lady *Liberal* scarce deserted his Bed; parental and filial Love were almost banish'd from her Bosom; her tender Hand supplied his Wants; her careful Eye watch'd every Motion; her bleeding Soul sympathized with every Pain, and restless Hour; nor did she quit him but to ease her full Heart with weeping when it was impossible to refrain from it: This affording her a little Ease, enabled her to return with some seeming Chearfulness. The House, the Parish, the Neighbourhood, for Miles around, were all one general Prayer for his Preservation: During his Illness, eternal Enquiries were made after his Situation; Consternation dwelt on every Face. At length, Heaven in pity to Mankind, restored him to his lovely Countess, his Family, his Friends, the Rich and Poor: Declare this Joy, you that were witnesses to the genuine Expressions of Hearts enraptured at his returning Health!

WHEN he came abroad to thank the God of his Salvation for his Recovery, the whole Parish, and Numbers who came on purpose from others, in a double Row, wept with Tears of Joy at the Sight of him as he walked between them; blessing Heaven for the Mercy, as he passed a-long.



THE Clergyman, in a Sermon, shewed his Thankfulness to Heaven for his Recovery, and the honest Clerk adapted and sung his Psalm, joined by the Congregation, with Tears of Joy; even the Earl, his Lady, and Mrs. *Fairchild*, could not refrain weeping on this Occasion: Such was the Sensation of this happy Pair, they have often expressed themselves, that no Moment of their Lives was ever filled with more heart-felt Raptures than these of beholding their Tenants, Servants, and Neighbours, thus, lost in Joy, pouring forth their Gratitude to Heaven for his Lordship's Recovery.

THEIR Children were now become the greatest Happiness of their Lives; the fond Grandmother, whose increasing Years began to bend her towards the Earth, had been chiefly employed to teach them the first Rudiments of Letters. The Troop consisted of three Boys, and two Girls, beauteous, as Health, Grace, Proportion, and Complexion, can make the human Being; their shining Eyes speaking their Souls within of celestial Origin.

THE Earl himself also, and Countess, were not inattentive to the Care of their Education; the Preceptor, which was now

taken into the House, was carefully instructing the Sons in the learned and modern Languages, and History of their own Country: When the Earl, one Day said, in Company with his Countess, "I am determined, " *Lydy*, these Children shall begin to learn " Geography; that as the eldest are now " reading the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, " they may have some Idea of those Parts " to which the Generals and Armies march'd; " their Fleets sailed, and other material " Circumstances relating to antient Authors, " which can never be well understood without knowing Geography.

" My Dear," says he, " it is amazing " how Men of Sense, in both Houses, betray their want of Knowledge in these " Things; one in a Speech talks of the " Island of *Pennsylvania*, and the other of " the Continent of *Newfoundland*, which " throws a Ridicule upon all they have to " say."

ACCORDINGLY Maps of the ancient Geography were provided, and Tables formed to be learnt; whereby, in a very little Time, the eldest were able to tell by heart how every Country in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*, mentioned in classic Authors, were bounded, and what Cities they contained; and then trace

trace them in the Maps, and point instantly to every City, River, Mountain, or other Place of Note, as well as describe and shew all the Seas and Islands which are included in them. Thus, in a very little Time, they were perfectly acquainted with ancient Geography, and being indulged with a Pair of Globes, became Proficients in Modern; the very little ones, by being delighted with the Globes, in seeing their Brothers, had learned half what is necessary to be known of this useful Part of Science almost as soon as the Letters.

At the same time this was doing, Lady *Liberal* forbade any Person to insinuate that they knew more than other Children, yet always commending them for doing well; nor was it ever suffered to be mentioned before them in Conversation that they knew what others of their Age were unacquainted with.

“ I HAVE observed,” says the Countess,  
“ that Children, who are more forward  
“ than others, are frequently spoiled by  
“ their being acquainted with it; being  
“ praised by their Parents and Relations,  
“ they grow self-sufficient, and despising  
“ the Capacities of their School-fellows,  
“ generally know at fourteen as much as at

“forty; from this Presumption of superior Qualifications, neglecting all Means of advancing their Knowledge, the most promising Boy at twelve, is often the most complete Coxcomb when a Man, whilst those of less brilliant Parts in Youth, shine much in complete Manhood.”

“WELL observed, *Lydy*,” says the Earl, “you will make an excellent School-mistress, I protest.”

“UNDER so great a Master, how can I fail?” replied the Countess with a Smile.

IN the mean Time, whilst the Understandings of these Children were improving, the Earl by no means omitted instructing their Hearts. He was a great Admirer of *Xenophon*, and the *Persian* Education described in the Works of that most elegant Author.

WITH this View he instilled into his Progeny the Principles of Justice, Honour, Integrity, Love of Religion, and of Truth. He often feigned little Circumstances of Theft, Fraud, Malediction, and Falsehood, and heard their Sentiments on these Matters; then fixed their Notions of them as they ought to be. He frequently invited the



the Children in the Neighbourhood to play with his little Troop; and watched the Emotions of their young Hearts, to discover whether Love of Power or Equality, Humanity, or Insensibility to Distress, Anger, Revenge, Pride, or other Passions seemed to be in Nature the Ascendant in their Constitution; thus by the budding Leaves he discovered what Flower the Plant would bear; Information, or unjust Accusation, were inevitably punished amongst them. The Fear of Shame was the grand penal Law, which was instituted to hang over their Heads.

THOSE Crimes, to which in most Kingdoms Legislators have affixed no Punishment, were severely punished by this legislative Father: Ingratitude was held as the most debasing Act of human Nature; because all Observation has confirmed, that Minds tinctured with this Vice are irreverent to their God and Parents, unfeeling for their Friends and Country: Besides this, Impudence is ever found the inseparable Inmate of ungrateful Souls; this of all other Crimes seems most effectually to lead to every kind of ignominious Action.

AMONGST the Virtues, Temperance was held in great Esteem; because it had been observed, by his Lordship, that nothing

G 3 depreciates

depreciates human Nature so effectually as the sordid Vice of Gluttony and Debauch.

HONOUR, the Contempt of Riches, and patrial Love, were strenuously inculcated into their tender Bosoms; and a profound Reverence for these Objects was so deeply engraven on their Minds, that no future Consideration was able to erase the Influence: Such was the Instruction and Education of this noble Family.

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### C H A P. CXVII.

*Mrs. Fairchild behaves with that Resolution which Christianity imparts to the human Heart, not the Name, but the Reality, at the Hour of Dissolution; her last Words as good as Baxter's, though she never speaks any more.*

THE stealing Steps of Dissolution had now crept apparently on Mrs. Fairchild; the Countess saw it with infinite Concern; not with that violent Grief which attends the Danger of a Child in Sicknes, where Nature seems to be violated by Death, according to the original Design of Providence, and as it appears to the Eyes of a fond

fond Parent; but with that cooler Anguish which hangs heavily on the Heart, when the Evil is foreseen to be irremediable: The Earl himself beheld her approaching End with much Pain, on the account of his real Affection for this venerable Woman, and the Affliction he knew it must give his dearest *Lydia*.

MRS. *Fairchild* herself was no Stranger to her State, and beheld it but with one Pain only, that which it must impart to her Daughter, and the Earl.

At length beholding the Countess, who was scarce absent from her one Hour in the Day, to grow pale with pining on her Account: "My dear Child," says this best of Women, who beheld her approaching Dissolution with the utmost Tranquillity, through the clear Medium of a virtuous Life, "Why  
" does your Bosom feel such Anguish on  
" my approaching End? I am now leaving  
" you, 'tis true; but I leave you as happy  
" as this Earth can make a mortal Being. I  
" have lived a long Time, and to see what  
" I once despaired of, my dearest Child,  
" her Progeny, and myself happy; what  
" I am yet to pass is no more than the short  
" Duration of a few Minutes, from this  
" Happiness to eternal; filled with Hope,

" from infelt Quiet, suffer me to expire  
 " without a Tear, if possible, as you will  
 " find I shall without a Groan."

THESE Words conveyed unspeakable Anguish to the Heart of Lady *Liberal*, whilst Tears ran down her Cheeks and stopt her Answer.

It was now clearly perceived, by Mrs. *Fairchild*, that a few Minutes must put an End to her Continuance in this Life; she, therefore, desired to see the dear Children once more; who being brought to her Bed-side, she kissed each, and said to the Sons, " May all gracious Heavens shower down  
 " its Blessings upon you; may you resemble, in your Lives, the best of Men,  
 " whose Children it must be your Honour  
 " to have been born; and you," she added, to the little Girls, " May you resemble the  
 " dear Mother who brought you to the  
 " World, in every Virtue." The eldest withdrew in Profusion of Tears for their Grandmamma, whom they greatly loved; the least in Silence at their Sorrow.

THEN speaking to the Countess, " My  
 " dear Child, I thank you for all that Profusion of Duty with which you have ever  
 " behaved



" behaved to me; your Children, and Heaven, can only repay this Goodness."

" My Lord, I return you all possible Gratitude for that filial Distinction with which you have ever treated me as your Parent; and more, if possible, for that tenderest Affection with which you have fondly cherished my dear Child; let my Lips take their parting Kiss." When the Earl and Countess having performed that Office, dissolved in Tears; she then continued, " I die the happiest Woman upon Earth, leaving all I love in perfect earthly Felicity, to enjoy that which only can exceed it; because eternal! Adieu, Heaven still continue its Blessings on you!" Saying these Words she reclined her Head upon her Pillow, and gently expired without one Sigh or Groan.

## CHAPTER 5

Then speaking to the Countess, " My dear Child, I thank you for all that Proportion of Duty which you have ever behaved

## C H A P. CXVIII.

*Lord Liberal's Tenderness to his Lady. Some beginning Symptoms of Love thro' in the Bosom of Lord Probit, and the eldest Miss Sweetwood. A Marriage between this Pair. Lord and Lady Liberal's Advice to their Son on this Occasion not amiss to be read by young People who enter upon that State.*

**L**ORD *Liberal* neglected no Amusement which could alleviate the Affliction of his Lady on this Account, or chase the Sadness which hung upon her Heart. Amongst other Things, he wrote a Letter to Lady *Flimsy*, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, desiring their Company to *Probit-castle*; but before that Epistle came to Hand, this friendly Gentleman and Lady were set out for *Devonshire*, with that Intent; and with them, for the first Time, came the eldest Miss *Sweetwood*.

If ever their Company was at one Time more agreeable than another, it was this; indeed such was the Friendship of these Families for each other, every Meeting was dearer than the former, and every Parting more painful.

THE

THE eldest Son, Lord *Probit*, was now eighteen Years old, and Miss *Sweetwood* seventeen; many Days had not passed at *Probit-castle* before it was visible, by the peculiar Pleasure, which each of these young People manifested at the Appearance of the other, that a new Passion was springing in their Bosoms; artless and unacquainted with the Cause, his young Lordship selected for Miss *Sweetwood* every fairest Fruit, and gathered every finest Flower, contriving infinite Ways to give her Pleasure; he was restless and uneasy when absent from this young Lady. One Day it happened that the Earl was prevented from attending Lady *Flimsy*, Lady *Liberal*, Mr. *Sweetwood*, and Miss, on a Visit to Sir *Oliver Hearty's*; for this Reason Lord *Probit* did not make one of the Company.

NOTHING was more restless than his Behaviour this whole Day; he complained of Illness; sighed, and was disquieted; at all which Symptoms the Earl smiled internally, perceiving that his Son was caught by that magic Passion, which converts the human Soul into a thousand different Appearances.

THE Evening brought the Family home, when at the Sight of Miss *Sweetwood* he became

became alert and gay again, and sung like a Goldfinch to his Mate, forgetting his former Sensations. Indeed Miss Sweetwood had felt a Damp upon her Mind all that Day, which did not pass unnoticed by the Company.

DURING the six Months which Mr. Sweetwood, and Lady Flimsy, tarried at Probit-castle, the Souls of these young Lovers became totally enthralled by each other.

THIS being perfectly perceived by the Parents on each Side, it was agreed, that they should marry as soon as Lord Probit was of Age, provided their Passion continued; the Time between was to be passed as much together as possible; which only improved their Affection for each other. At length the long-wished Day of their Happiness arriving, they were given to each others Arms, and his Lordship made his Abode two Miles from the Earl, in a very good old Seat repaired for that Purpose.

I PASS by all the Joy on this Occasion, manifested by the Tenants and Friends of this Family, almost adored in the Country; and shall only mention, that the Day after Lord Probit was married, Lady Liberal took Occasion to speak to him in the following Manner. "My dear Son, you are  
" now



“now to appear in the World detached  
 “from your dear Father; you have consi-  
 “dered, I doubt not, that the Eyes of all  
 “will be upon you; and how difficult a  
 “Part you have to act; the Reputation  
 “and Esteem which Lord *Liberal* has so  
 “deservedly obtained, amongst his Coun-  
 “trymen, puts you in a most conspicuous  
 “Point of View. To be less worthy than  
 “your Father, is to lose Honour, and to  
 “be more so impossible; therefore exert  
 “every Endeavour to tread in that Path  
 “which your Sire has walked before you;  
 “and surely never Child had a more illu-  
 “strious Example; that no Tongue may  
 “have Power to say you degenerate from  
 “the Glory of your Ancestors.”

His Lordship bowed with tender Thanks,  
 promising to fulfil this Advice, a Resolution  
 of which he had before taken: This proved  
 him to be a Descendant worthy of that truly  
 noble Father.

ONE Day the Father and Son walking  
 together, the Earl said, “My Son, I see  
 “with Pleasure, you are truly enamoured  
 “with that Lady you have espoused; in-  
 “deed she deserves all that Attention that  
 “Woman can merit, being beautiful, of  
 “good Sense, and sweet Disposition; this,  
 “without

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“ without doubt, is the best Presage of  
“ your future Felicity : Yet let me tell you,  
“ my Lord, there is one Secret which is al-  
“ most all that is necessary to preserve it,  
“ where People are in Affluence, and love  
“ each other, and without which conjugal  
“ Bliss can scarce be supported ; it is to  
“ make it your Pleasure to oblige her you  
“ love, and she in return behaving in the  
“ same polite Manner to you ; by this  
“ means you please yourselves by pleasing  
“ each other ; and then this Habit prevail-  
“ ing, as it soon will, both are made happy,  
“ and nothing can defeat your Bliss ; where-  
“ as, in general, married Pairs neglecting  
“ this Observation, or chusing one another  
“ upon false Motives, soon become sa-  
“ ted with each other (for it is not worth  
“ while to be tied, for Life, to one Wo-  
“ man for what can be found in all) then  
“ each pursuing separate Pleasures, without  
“ regarding the other, the Duty which is  
“ due from a Wife to a Husband, being  
“ his Expectation ; and the Love which  
“ Husbands ought to shew the Partners  
“ of their Beds, being hers ; each requiring  
“ much, and returning nothing, at last there  
“ arises a total Distaste, when the Idea only  
“ of being the Objection and Incumbrance  
“ to each other's Joys, fills the Imaginations  
“ of both Sides ; thus Rancour settles at  
“ the

“ the Heart, and Disputes shew it in their  
“ Actions.

“ Y O U R Mother, that best of Women,  
“ and I, added to that Passion which pos-  
“ sels’d our Souls at first, have had no other  
“ Secret to preserve and enjoy a Felicity  
“ which is tasted by few in this World: La-  
“ dy *Flimsy*, who knows its Value, and has  
“ proved it also, has acquainted Lady *Pro-*  
“ *bit* with this Rule. My Son, no Father  
“ can wish a Child Happiness with more  
“ Sincerity than I do you, and no Father  
“ has more Reason to wish it to a Son.”

T H I S Counsel was received with great  
Marks of Duty, and strictly observed thro’  
the Course of their Life by Lord and Lady  
*Probit*.

CHAP.

# CHAP. CXIX.

*The Steward's Gratitude received as it ought  
to be.*

**I**T will be readily believed that Mr. Lovegood, who had been so solicitous for the Life of this noble Heir, had shown great Affection to him in his growing-up; he had carried him in his Arms a thousand Times, contrived unnumber'd Ways to divert him, and loved him as his Child. This Affection was repaid by the young Nobleman with a sincere Esteem for this faithful Servant.

MR. Lovegood being now grown rich, having always lived in his Lordship's House at no Expence, was determined to shew some Token of his Affection to his young Master; he had been often solicited to marry by Lady *Liberal*, who distinguished him with great Friendship; which Proposition he had always declined to comply with: His Lordship used to smile, and say, "Why, *Lydy*? Mr. Lovegood has not yet gotten  
" the better of his first Love."

THIS deserving Man then ordered a Service of Plate to be made secretly in *London*,  
and



and presented it to Lord *Probit*. His Lordship, astonished at this Design, said, “ Mr. *Lovegood*, I am now robbing you of that which no Man ever deserved more, as the Reward of Integrity and faithful Service; not only you but your Relations; it must not be; however, this Mark of your Affection shall ever be remember’d by me with great Pleasure.”

“ My Lord,” replied the good Man, “ I have no Relation upon Earth; let me intreat you to accept this Manifestation of what I owe my Lord *Liberal*; the best of Fathers, best of Husbands, best of Masters, and best of Men.”

“ UPON Condition then that you have no Relations, as you think, if hereafter it prove you have, that I repay them the Expence of it, I accept it willingly.”

THIS being related to the Earl and Countess, was extremely agreeable, as the Matter was settled without Injury to the Relations of Mr. *Lovegood*, if at any time it should appear that he had any.

## CH A P. CXX.

*A Visit from Lord Nicknackerton to Lord Liberal, in which the Advantages of travelling are examined by these two Noblemen for the Sake of all who incline to see foreign Parts. A Portrait of the travelled Lord.*

**T**HE autumnal Blasts now shaking the Leaves from the Groves where all fall sooner or later, Emblem of human Nature, according to that great Master of it, the first of Poets, Lord and Lady *Liberal* prepared for *London*, to attend his Duty to his Country.

**B**EING safely arrived, many Friends of this Family came to visit and compliment them on the Marriage of their eldest Son; amongst the rest a Nobleman, whose great Passion was the Love of *Virtu* in all its Branches, did them that Honour.

**T**HIS Nobleman had travelled much; he had been at *Balbec* to measure the Proportions of the various Remains of Architecture to be found in that City, and compare them with what is yet to be seen at *Rome* and *Athens*; he had made a large Collection  
of

of Medals, Drawings, Pictures, Models, Bronzes, Gravings in Stone, and Antiques of all Kinds; and in his own Opinion he had neither a Copy or spurious Piece in the whole Number: In this, however, many People did not entirely acquiesce; but Envy is a very natural Passion amongst Men of *Virtu*.

THIS Nobleman, in Conversation one Day with the Earl, began, "My Lord, I am much surprised you did not send Lord *Probit* to travel, and see the glorious Remains of Antiquity before he married; nothing improves a Nobleman in my Opinion so effectually, or places one Gentleman above another, as the Knowledge of the superior Arts; it is without doubt the greatest Pleasure, and the most distinguishing Characteristic of Nobility."

"My Lord," says the Earl, "I have not much Taste for these Things myself, and did not observe there was a great Propensity towards them in my Son; they may indeed be very agreeable, where the Taste is truly formed for such Pleasure; but I have observed it very frequently creates a false one for these Things, and renders Men sometimes open to Impostion; for one who has really a true Discernment

"cernment in these Arts, there are probably twenty who are the Dupes of their own Credulity."

"THAT is true, my Lord," answered Lord Nicknackerton; "there are few Noble-men who have that true Discernment you mention; but besides that, it communicates a Knowledge of the World to a young Gentleman, which cannot otherwise be attained to."

"I HAVE observed," says the Earl, "the Knowledge which is obtained by young People's travelling, my Lord, is generally at their Return no more than a Belief that all Men are Rogues, and Women Prostitutes; and generally their Behaviour after that Time is a stronger Prejudice in Favour of the Manners of their own Country than they truly deserve; or a Contempt for them, which is equally erroneous: In Truth, the Information which young People get by Travelling, is, I am afraid, of little Service; and they generally lose in the Qualities of the Heart, what is dearly purchased by the small Improvement of their Understanding; the good Citizen suffers in the acquired Knowledge of the Man of the World."

"If



“ If my Lord could travel between thirty  
“ and forty, when he had previously fixed  
“ in his Mind the Principles on which  
“ Mankind proceed, and tarry long enough  
“ in the various Countries of *Europe* to ob-  
“ serve how all the Objects of Religion and  
“ Government operated on the Minds of  
“ the Inhabitants, I am of Opinion nothing  
“ could be more beneficial or instructive;  
“ but to be led from State to State by a  
“ *Swiss*, or a *Scotchman*, gazed at in the  
“ different Courts of *Europe* like an Exotic,  
“ to learn the Terms of the sublime Arts,  
“ the Catalogue of Painters and Statuaries,  
“ the affected Rapture of *Italian* Music,  
“ and all the long List of Admiration, which  
“ generally fills the Minds of these Travel-  
“ lers, is scarce worth while.

“ SETTING aside the fashionable Prejudice  
“ in Favour of these Things, is it worth  
“ the Pains, my Lord, of travelling to  
“ *Balbec* to discover that a Cornish, Freeze,  
“ or Architrave, differs a Quarter of an  
“ Inch from what is to be found in *Greece*  
“ and *Rome* in the same Orders? Ruins of  
“ all Things in the same Architecture are  
“ the most alike, and the least worth run-  
“ ning much Risque to visit, according to  
“ my unfashionable Apprehension. Of  
“ what

“ what Import is it to discover that Tra-  
 “ vellers have err’d ten Feet in the Measure  
 “ of an *Egyptain* Pyramid; or in the In-  
 “ scription of a Tombstone erected to a Cen-  
 “ tury in the tenth Legion in some Town  
 “ in *Italy*, whether it be A, or V turned  
 “ upside down by Mistake. What Head  
 “ need be engraved with more Skill, or  
 “ how can it be more elegantly set, than this  
 “ in this Seal, which was done by Mr.  
 “ *Rusb?*” taking out his Watch. “ I can  
 “ encourage the Arts of *England* without  
 “ seeing *Rome*, and with Pleasure; parti-  
 “ cularly when the Character of the Artift  
 “ adds a Value to the Excellence of the  
 “ Workmanship.”

“ My Lord,” says Lord *Nicknackerton*,  
 “ to be sure the Thing is very well for a  
 “ modern Performance; but you will per-  
 “ mit me to say you do not seem to enter  
 “ into the true Spirit of this Knowledge;  
 “ there is a something, *a je ne scai quoi*,  
 “ that is inexplicable to others, a Sort of a  
 “ refined thinking, which runs through all  
 “ a Man’s Conversation who is deep in  
 “ these Things, and has travelled.”

“ It may be so,” says the Earl, “ but I  
 “ have observed many Gentlemen going  
 “ good Scholars from their own Coun-

“ try, who have visited the Villa’s of *Tully*  
 “ and *Horace*, the Tombs of *Virgil* and  
 “ *Livy*, the Porticos of the Stoics, and  
 “ Temples at *Athens*, and lost in the Voyage  
 “ the Sentiments of these Authors, whilst  
 “ they were visiting the Places they lived  
 “ on.”

“ IT may be so, my Lord, I cannot an-  
 “ swer for that, every Nobleman has his  
 “ Manner of thinking; my Lord, your  
 “ most obedient Servant,” answered Lord  
*Nicknackerton*, taking his Leave of the Earl,  
 despising the confined Notions of this No-  
 bleman, and pitying the State of his Son,  
 who was married and fix’d without having  
 seen the World.

Now Lord *Nicknackerton* was unlike the  
 Earl *Liberal* in every Thing; he had dipt  
 his Estate to purchase Trifles; harra’s’d his  
 Tenants to extort Money; voted plumb  
 with the Minister against his Country for a  
 Pension; parted with his Wife to live with  
 a Mistress; pulled down a good old House  
 to build a bad new one; and created a  
 universal Contempt and Hatred amongst  
 all his Neighbours, Tenants, and Depen-  
 dants, to be followed by Antiquarians and  
 Dealers in Pictures. This was the Noble-  
 man who despised the Honour, Understand-  
 ing,

ing, Tenderneſs, Fidelity, Humanity, and Generoſity of Lord *Liberal*, becauſe he had not ſeen the Pantheon at *Rome*, and Parthenion at *Albens*.

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## C H A P. CXXI.

*The Earl reſolves to leave London for ever; his Lady, which is more wonderful, agrees in that Reſolution. A ſmall Hiſtory of Lady Harriotte \* \* \* \* \*, and Lucy Sprightly; with Lady Liberal's Behaviour on a certain Occaſion, in which the Effects of Aſtrology, and Mr. Strange are brought to a happy Iſſue.*

**L**ONDON now became even more diſpleaſing than ever to the Earl. “ My dear *Lydy*,” ſays he, “ I am at length, I think, reſolved to take my laſt Leave of this City, and live intirely in the Country. My Lord *Probit*, who will repreſent the County of *Devon*, I believe, next Election, may have this Houſe; I am weary of fruitleſs Endeavours for the Good of this poor exhausted Kingdom, which has been ſo long the Gold-mine of *Germany*, whiſt we have been the Slaves digging the Oar for the little Princes of that Empire, “ under



“ soothing Name of a free People. No  
“ Man can upbraid me for appearing no  
“ more in Public, when every Hope of Suc-  
“ cess is extinguished ; we will, therefore,  
“ my Dear, retire to the Shades of *Probit-*  
“ *castle*, and there enjoy the Remains of  
“ Life in all that chearful Tranquillity which  
“ has ever attended us.”

“ NOTHING can be more agreeable to  
“ me than this Resolution ; *London*, you  
“ know, my Lord, has never been my fa-  
“ vourite Abode, and is now less agreeable  
“ than ever ; I love more Repose than is to  
“ be found in this Place of Distraction and  
“ Hurry.”

DURING this Time, however, an Acci-  
dent happened which gave Lady *Liberal*  
more Pain than she had known for many  
Years past.

IT seems a young Gentlewoman whose  
Name was *Lucy Sprightly*, had been bred up  
by a certain maiden Lady, an Acquaintance  
of Lady *Liberal's*, and treated in the fol-  
lowing Manner.

SHE was the Daughter of a worthy Cler-  
gyman, who dying left this Child about six  
Years old unprovided for ; Lady *Harriette*

•••••, in whose Parish this Divine officiated, had seen the Child; and hearing of the Condition in which it was left, sent for her, and supported her as her own; at this Time Lady *Harriette* was in all her Bloom of Beauty, about twenty-five.

As the Child was very pretty, and of good Understanding, she diverted her Patroness, and won upon her Heart exceedingly; she showed her to all her Visitants, talked of her with great Fondness, and procured her Masters in Music, *French*, and Dancing, to make her an accomplished Woman, taking great Pleasure in seeing the Proficiency she made in these Qualifications.

At this Time Lady *Harriette* was the Toast of the Town, and the reigning Beauty; she had been honoured with being several Times mobbed in the *Park*, the most striking Proof of her superior Charms; many Lovers paid their Addresses to this Dame of Quality; but as her Fortune was great, as well as her Beauty, she was determined to wed a Duke, or not to marry at all.

In this Resolution Lady *Harriette* continued till Time, who would neither stand still in Obedience to her Ladyship, nor bring her a Duke for a Lover; and a too frequent

frequent Exhibition of her Person, had damped the Curiosity of gazing on her Charms; and indeed the Excellence of her Beauty was not a little diminished by his Power also.

DURING this Time, whilst Lady *Harriette* had been blowing in full Charms, and now like the top Carnation was fading and dropping off Leaf by Leaf, *Lucy Sprightly* was every Day becoming more handsome, like the second Flower on the same Root, rising in Beauty as the former decays. This growing Beauty being observed by the Male Company, Miss *Lucy* was very often the Subject of Applause, which by no means sounded like the Music of the Spheres in the Ears of Lady *Harriette*, who felt the Neglect, which this drew on her, with no little Pain. No one stuck a Pin so elegantly as *Lucy* when she was young; which Office she was daily employed to perform by Lady *Harriette* as she sat before the Glass, being vastly prefer'd to her Ladyship's Woman: But now, all of a sudden, she was become quite aukward in doing that Office; and when Lady *Harriette* saw her in the Glass, together with herself, she said, as soon as she was withdrawn, "How this Girl is alter'd! She is grown as coarse as a dairy Maid: Don't you think so, *Pink?*" to her Woman. "She is grown  
H 2 "extremely

“extremely coarse to be sure, my Lady,” says Mrs. *Pink*, who heard this with Delight.

THE fading Charms of the Lady made the blooming ones of *Lucy* appear more conspicuous than otherwise they would have been.

HER Presence therefore became offensive to Lady *Harriette*, and Mrs. *Pink* was a much more agreeable Companion: She therefore determined to get rid of this impertinent Memento, which was ever reminding her of past Beauty by the Loss of it in herself, and the Presence of it in *Lucy*.

To cover this Design, therefore, she one Day proposed to *Lucy* to settle her in the World, and marry her with her Valet de Chambre.

THIS *Lucy* did not at all relish, and modestly expostulating with her Ladyship how unequal that Marriage would be to the Education she had so generously given her; she humbly hoped that her Ladyship would not think of so unequal a Union, especially as Mr. *Thomas* was not a Person with whom she chose to spend her Life.

“You



"*My Lady,*" says *Lucy*, "I hope I shall not be obliged to either." "Indeed you shall," answered *Lady Harriette*. Which Resolution ended in *Lucy's* leaving the House of this Lady, and in being received into that of *Lady Liberal*, who knew the Cause of her being thus dismissed, and whose very great Favourite she had always been.

SHE had been with *Lady Liberal* some time, and amongst the Company who frequented the House, a young Gentleman of Twenty had paid great Deference to *Lucy*; he had an Estate of five Hundred a Year.

HE had secretly made love to this young Woman, and knowing he could not marry her till he was of Age, and that his Guardian would not give Consent, had urged her much to grant him that Favour which Maidens never should grant till they are married: This was all covered with Vows, Oaths, and Imprecations, that he would wed her

the Moment he was of Age. Uninfluenced by this, *Lucy* still persisted in behaving as she ought, resenting his daring to treat her in that illiberal Manner; all this was again palliated by the Protestations of his impatient Passion, and Sincerity of his Soul; but in vain; no Vows made the least Impression on her Inclination to yield to his Solicitations; yet she loved him sincerely.

ONE Day, in walking up *Ludgate-Hill*, Mr. *Strange*, which was his Name, had a Paper put into his Hand, importing, that in such a Place lived one Mrs. *Sermon* at the Sign of the *Blue-ball*, who resolved all Questions in *Astrology*, whether by Land or Sea. Having enquired what the Meaning of this Advertisement might be, he found that this Female was a Fortune-teller, to whom Ladies particularly applied for Information in Love-affairs; he therefore conceived the Thought of applying this Discovery to his Advantage in prevailing on Miss *Lucy*.

ACCORDINGLY one Day having conversed with *Lucy*, and made her several Proposals, and said a Million soft Things, he went to the Female-conjurer, and told her the whole Conversation that passed between them: In the mean while he bribed a Person, who was intimate with Miss *Lucy*, to propose

propose going to this cunning Woman to know their Fortunes.

THIS being agreed to, the young Lady repaired to Mrs. *Sermon*, and there alone was told all the Circumstances which passed at that last Interview with Mr. *Strange*, describing his Person, and adding, that tho' it was impossible he could marry her at present, yet that she might safely confide in his Vows, because he was undoubtedly a Man of Honour; wherefore she should not resist, and foolishly slight an Occasion of making herself happy for Life; that nothing but her Misbehaviour could prevent this from coming to pass, because it was pre-ordained; and as a farther Proof of the Truth of what she had been relating, she should see the same Person to-morrow in a blue Suit of Cloaths, and he would talk to her in such a Manner, mentioning the Particulars.

THIS Relation of what had passed, had a wonderful Effect on *Lucy*; she believed this Woman had the Power of looking into Futurity, and was more than half overcome by what had been already related to her.

THE same Evening young *Strange* came to the *Beldame*, and received an Account of all that had passed; and in Consequence of

this Information, dressed and conversed the next Day with *Lucy* in the Manner Mrs. *Sermon* had predicted.

THIS singular Conformity in Dress and Conversation, had a vast Effect on her Heart, and Understanding, she began to give credit to all he said; which Inclination young *Strange* observing, he pressed her to yield to what she had hitherto refused, and thus enjoyed what he had long desired to possess.

REPEATED Pleasures produced the common Consequence of them, till, at length, *Lucy* finding her displeasing Situation, pressed him to marry her; he pleaded the old Argument of not being of Age, and the Invalidity of the Marriage if it was effected; however, still promising the Performance of all his Vows at Twenty-one, being not yet tired of her.

THE Day, however, of his being of Age was drawing on, and would, in all Probability, arrive before *Lucy* lay in; wherefore he, to avoid marrying, shamefully deserted her, and forsook the House of Lord *Liberal*.

THIS threw the poor Girl into Despair; she grew wan, wasted by eternal Sighing,



ing, and had several Times resolved to end her Life and Woes together. This Melancholy being observed by Lady *Liberal*, she pressed her to know the Cause of her Disquietude, when being urged by all that was tender, she related the whole Affair; and as *Strange* had given her an Account of the Way he succeeded, she mentioned that also.

“HAS he deserted you?” says Lady *Liberal*. “Is he so abandon’d?”

“THERE is too much Reason to believe “it,” says the unhappy Girl; “I have “neither seen nor heard from him for “several Weeks, and he is now of Age.”

“KEEP yourself in good Spirits, *Lucy*,” says Lady *Liberal*, “I will not forsake “you, though he has; believe me I pity “your Condition, and am convinced no “Woman could have resisted so much Art “in the Man she loves.”

THIS revived the Soul of the afflicted *Lucy*. Lady *Liberal* then sent for Mr. *Strange*, desiring to speak with him; but he refused the Message, when determining to see him, she got him watched to his Lodgings, and then driving directly to

his Apartments, insisted upon being admitted; the Consternation in which she found him was inexpressible; no Lark that sees the Hawk soaring over its Head, had half the Timidity and Trembling; such Power has the Appearance of Virtue on the Minds of the Vicious.

He approached her Ladyship with infinite Confusion. “Mr. *Strange*,” says she, “I imagine you know my Business; you have ruined a very lovely Girl, unless you immediately make her amends, by marrying her.”

“My Lady,” says he, “It would be extremely inconvenient for me to marry Miss *Lucy*, as she has no Fortune; and I cannot afford to marry a Woman without Money.”

“But it seems, Sir, you can conscientiously afford to ruin a Girl who has no Fortune. Sir, I had no Fortune; she deserves you as much as I can the Earl of *Liberal*, and he has never yet repented of his taking me to his Bosom.”

“But, my Lady, I shall be laugh’d at for wedding the Woman I have debauched.”

“LAUGH’D

“ LAUGH’D at, Sir, by whom? by no  
“ worthy Man, I am sure. Do you fear  
“ unjust Ridicule more than the Terrors of  
“ a future Punishment? And prefer the  
“ false Opinion of profligate Men, to the  
“ virtuous Actions of a Man of Honour?  
“ Sir, believe me, you will live to repent  
“ of this Behaviour; therefore, if you have  
“ yet remaining any Sense of the Injury  
“ you have committed, marry that deluded,  
“ lovely Woman, whom your cruel Treat-  
“ ment has undone, without that Repara-  
“ tion: Believe me, Mr. *Strange*, she shall  
“ not be thus treated without Lord *Libe-*  
“ *ral*’s pursuing you by Law. I am ac-  
“ quainted with your whole Combination,  
“ of Conjurors, and others, and shall at  
“ least endeavour at obtaining Satisfaction  
“ for the Baseness.

“ THEN which will give you most Cause  
“ to be ashamed, the marrying her you  
“ have infamously betrayed; or the Dis-  
“ covery of the Methods by which you ob-  
“ tained your Ends?

“ DOING Justice, Sir, is a Pleasure, per-  
“ haps, you scarce know; saving the Guilt-  
“ less from the Ruin to which you have  
“ brought her, is a Happiness yet untasted;

“ and

“ and fixing a Woman to your Service, by  
 “ Gratitude, who already loves you to ex-  
 “ cess, is another Charm which will render  
 “ all your Life happy ; therefore behave  
 “ as you ought, and like a Gentleman ;  
 “ your Father, Sir, was he living, would  
 “ oblige you to it.”

DURING this Time *Strange* stood dumb  
 with Confusion ; when being no longer able  
 to resist the Truth, and Presence of Lady  
*Liberal*, he consented to accompany her to  
 the Earl's, and that very Day *Lucy* was  
 married to Mr. *Strange*.

“ MADAM,” says Mr. *Strange*, to the  
 Countess, “ I return you infinite Thanks  
 “ for thus influencing me to what is right ;  
 “ the false Shame of the World alone pre-  
 “ vented me from doing this unsolicited.

“ I CANNOT avoid remarking how infi-  
 “ nitely prejudicial this Marriage Act is to  
 “ the Chastity of young Women. Young  
 “ Fellows of eighteen, and under, follow  
 “ Girls of Virtue, swearing Marriage and  
 “ eternal Truth, which they reciprocally in  
 “ Love listen to, when the very Opportunity  
 “ of that Time till they are of Age, in-  
 “ fallibly affords one unresisting Minute,  
 “ and all is over.

“ MANY



“MANY of these deluded Girls, I know,  
“are at present upon the Town, who would  
“have been married without that pernicious  
“Act; happy, perhaps, with some  
“Husband, who are now miserable as Prostitutes.”

“It is one of those fatal Contrivances  
“which must assist in eradicating every Virtue  
“from this Nation.” Says the Earl,  
“It enters strongly into that Design, and  
“makes Part of that pernicious Plan, which  
“has been too effectually carried on by  
“those whose whole Regard is the Love of  
“Wealth, and mercenary Consideration.

“I AM weary of seeing my poor Country  
“torn to Pieces by the Wickedness of those  
“whose Duty it is to preserve her; wherefore,  
“being tired of fruitless Endeavours  
“for her Welfare, I will retire and lament  
“that approaching Fate, which seems impossible  
“to be prevented.”

“MR. *Strange*,” continued the Earl,  
“I foresee you will be happy in Marriage;  
“the Woman you have wedded has every  
“necessary Requisite; therefore cherish her,  
“and you will live to thank Lady *Liberal*,  
“who

“ who has thus placed you in a Way to be  
 “ happy.”

Mr. *Strange*, and his Consort, thanked his Lordship and Lady *Liberal*, and then prepared for retiring into *Devonshire*, and never more return to the Turbulence of *London*, where they are now living in mutual Happiness.

## C H A P. CXXII.

*The Effects of a good Character, and a bad, exhibited in an Instance not unworthy M——l Attention, in Lord Liberal, and Sir William Whiptitch.*

**P**ROBIT-CASTLE was now the constant Abode of this noble Family, unless when the Earl and Countess stole for a Day to the little thatched House, which had been built under the Wood ; here they frequently retired ; the whole Estate, by a long continued Addition of Plantations, and some Buildings, was become one of the pleasantest, and best worth seeing, of all *England* ; the sliding Years passed on in mutual Joy, and the Children growing up, the eldest Son of Mr. *Sweetwood* married the eldest Daughter  
 of

of the Earl and Countess; Sir *Oliver Hearty*, and his Lady, having no surviving Children but the Heiress to their Estate, the second Son at *Probit-castle* married this Lady, and young Sir *William Wortby* married the remaining Daughter of the Earl and Countess; as did the third Son of the Earl the eldest Daughter of Sir *William* and Lady *Wortby*.

THUS this happy Pair had lived to see their Sons and Daughters united with those they wished, where Love had directed them, and where conjugal Felicity was the happy Consequence of a just Education, grafted on good Understandings and good Hearts.

LADY *Liberal's* Pleasure was now returning to the same which it had been when she was young; the increasing Families of her Children awaked that Affection which is peculiar in Women towards the infantine State.

ONE Day the Earl taking her by the Hand, and pressing it to his Lips, said,  
 " My dear *Lydy*, what a Portion of Happiness Heaven has dealt to me and thee;  
 " my Sons and Daughters, their Wives and  
 " Husbands, are all such as I wish to be-  
 " hold them; not one of these Men, but  
 " represents

“ represents his Country in Parliament ; and  
“ not one who has ever yet debased himself,  
“ by giving a Vote against his Country’s  
“ Interest, though Places, Titles, and every  
“ Attempt have been put in Practice to se-  
“ duce them from their Country’s Good.

“ I SEE myself, and you, the Favourite  
“ of this County, the Adoration of my  
“ Tenants and Servants, and beloved by all  
“ good Men ; what can add Pleasure to  
“ this Situation ? And when I look round,  
“ I am amazed how other Men have missed  
“ obtaining the same Esteem ; many have  
“ been at infinitely more Expence than I  
“ have, sunk their Estates, and been uni-  
“ versally disliked ; whilst I have increased  
“ my Fortune greatly, and obtained the  
“ Good-will and Friendship of all this Part  
“ of *England*.”

“ My Lord,” says Lady *Liberal*, “ It  
“ is the Integrity of your Life ; your Scorn  
“ for mean Actions, and supporting your  
“ Country’s Honour, and your own, which  
“ has bequeathed you this Bliss, and will  
“ bequeath it to your Sons, and Daughters,  
“ and their Progeny ; your Fame shall live  
“ beyond your Life, and be the Joy of  
“ theirs.”

AT



At this Time there were Apprehensions of a *French* War, and an Invasion designed by that Nation somewhere on the Coast of this Island; every County was zealous in manifesting its Attachment to his Majesty, and by their Remonstrances exposed the Danger they were in, and humbly requested that Arms might be put into their Hands, for the Defence of their Sovereign, themselves, and their Country.

THIS was at length resolved upon; but the Commissions of raising Regiments were all given to the Friends of the M——, and not one to those of their King and Country; by which means Sir *William Whipstitch*, who in the P—— House was up on every Occasion, to talk away the Hours, till a Majority of Votes appeared in Favour of the M——, and prove that Nonsense, like Matter, was infinitely divisible, was placed at the Head of that Design in *Devonshire*.

THIS Man then having obtained a Commission to raise a Regiment, was obliged to make Officers out of the venal Part of the Corporation of T—— and H——n, and then none others chusing to join him,  
TA he

he could not prevail on a Hundred Men to follow him.

In the mean while the Gentlemen of *Devonshire* subscribed to the raising twenty Thousand Men, to be formed into Regiments, to be commanded, in chief, by the Earl *Liberal*; his three Sons to be three Colonels, amongst others of the best Families. This Proposition was rejected by the M——r, and the County left defenceless; because the Inhabitants would not enlist under the Baronet, whose whole Life had been one continued Scene of Falsehood, Deceit, Licentiousness, Corruption, and Dishonour, and believe these Qualifications were adapted to animate Men in Defence of their King and Country.

Thus it is the Fate of this Nation to be eternally distressed by the Designs of profligate M——rs, opposing the Good of the Constituents, laid open to the Invasion, Devastation, Fire, and Sword of their Enemies; because the Consciousness of their nefarious Intentions intimidates them from placing Confidence in those only who deserve it; and giving Arms into the Hands of Men of Honour and Probity, who would defend their Country from all Attacks.

## C H A P. CXXII.

*A Company as rarely met together as two black Swans. An Observation of Lady Liberal's, with more Truth than many People chuse to agree in, at least in their Expressions.*

**L**ORD and Lady *Liberal* were now favoured by the Company of Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy*; Mr. *Sweetwood*, who had married the eldest Miss *Probit*, accompanied them with his Lady also; during the Time of their being with the Earl, Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, his Son and Consort, the Honourable Mr. *Edward Probit* and his Lady; Sir *Oliver* and Lady *Hearty*, with the Honourable Mr. *Henry Probit* and his Consort, were all together at *Probit-castle*; never was there seen such a Scene of Joy as at this Meeting, the whole Company unenvying and unvied; Duty in Children, to their Parents, was manifested in every Look of Chearfulness; Affection from Parents, to their Offspring, shed reciprocally on them again; mutual Desire to please producing mutual Pleasure; it seemed a Company of Beings something more exalted than human Nature produces.

AT

At length *Lady Liberal*, as they were seated at Table, observed, that probably there had not been such an Assembly for Ages. "All," says she, "Parents and Children rendered happy by what the present Manner of Thinking esteems of no Value; that antiquated Passion of Love. Has the Marriage Act, by heaping together Mountains upon Mountains of Treasure, yet given so many Instances of happy Pairs, as are to be found in this House?"

"Indeed I am convinced not," says *Mr. Sweetwood*; "I know where it has been extremely fatal; and particularly in one Family, where a Misfortune of the most terrible Nature has lately happened: Indeed I would recount it to the Company; but it must naturally sadden the Hearts of every one present."

"Therefore," says *Lady Liberal*, "if the Company please we will defer it till To-morrow, and let no one displeasing Idea intervene, to introduce the Sense of Sorrow this Day amongst us."

This was agreed to, and the Relation put off till the next Morning; the Evening was



was spent in a Joy that we cannot describe, and are not a little apprehensive may not be comprehended, by too many of our superior Readers, who preferring the shining of a Diamond, to the Glance of a Lady's Eye, cannot easily conceive the Joy which an old Man of seventy can take in pressing the shriveled Hand, and gazing with Delight on the diminished Beauty of a Wife, after more than forty Years Matrimony; a Circumstance which happened many Times that Day to more than one married Pair then present.

CHAP.

“ if the Company please we will defer it  
“ till to-morrow, and her one nighting  
“ idea interest, to moderate the sentence  
“ sorrow this Day amongst us; the Queen  
“ errors which are committed here  
“ This was agreed to, and the Relation  
“ put off till the next Morning; the Evening

## C H A P. CXXIII.

*Exhibits a Scene of that Likeness which the Manners of a Father beget in a Son; in which a brutal Disposition, the Arts of a Step-Mother, the Easiness of a Father, the Misery of a Daughter, and the Ruin of a Lover, are shewn by way of Contrast to the former Set at Probit-castle; in which People may see whether Love or Money makes the married State happiest.*

THE next Morning Mr. Sweetwood began. “ Lady *Liberal*, and my Lord, “ you know the Person who was my old “ Rival, Lord *Beef*, as he was always called. This Man then married a Lady of “ great Fortune, a Woman of much Delicacy of Sentiment, and beautiful; as he “ was perhaps the greatest Brute on Earth, “ he broke her Heart in two Years; however she had given him a Son before that “ Time.

“ THIS young Gentleman participating “ of his Father’s savage Disposition, was “ bred up in Contempt of all those Qualifications which are esteemed honourable “ amongst Men, indulged with every un- “ reasonable

“ reasonable Desire, and foster’d in Inso-  
 “ lence to all Mankind ; his Debaucheries  
 “ were notorious ; his Acts of Tyranny  
 “ daily repeated ; his Violation of the poor  
 “ and friendless Virgin, was the great Joy  
 “ of his bestial Father.

“ THIS Child, however, to continue this  
 “ Family, so illustriously begun, being  
 “ now one-and-twenty, was desired to  
 “ marry a young Lady, the Daughter of  
 “ a Gentleman in *Warwickshire*, who had  
 “ taken a second Wife. This Woman,  
 “ proving barren, had conceived an inve-  
 “ terate Odium against all those who ever  
 “ had had Children, and entertained a  
 “ mortal Aversion against Miss *Mawson*,  
 “ the Name of her Daughter-in-Law,  
 “ chiefly because she was to inherit the  
 “ Estate of her Father ; which, if she  
 “ had brought a Son to this Gentleman,  
 “ would have been the Heir of it.

“ YOUNG *Beef* it seems had no Inclina-  
 “ tion to marry so young ; he therefore  
 “ told his Father he did not yet choose to  
 “ tye himself up from a Life of what he  
 “ called Pleasure, to that Dulness called  
 “ Matrimony.

“ Tye

“Tye yourself up from Pleasure,” says his  
“Father, I don’t mean you should; marry  
“this Girl as I did your Mother, because  
“she must have a great Fortune, and follow  
“your Inclinations as much then as before :  
“Who can hinder a Man of your Fortune  
“from doing what he pleases?

“YOUNG Beef then made his Addressees,  
“and was well received by the Father,  
“and more particularly so by the Step-  
“mother; she encouraged his Suit, and  
“instigated her Husband to conclude the  
“Marriage, believing that this Union  
“would soon break the Heart of the young  
“Lady, particularly as she was conscious  
“there was a young Gentleman of inferior  
“Fortune in the Neighbourhood whom  
“she secretly loved: By this means she  
“had entertained Hopes of having the  
“Estate given to her; and if her Hus-  
“band, who was elder than herself, should  
“speedily depart, she might set up for a  
“second, and try her Fortune with a  
“younger Man.

“Miss Mawson was of a tender Soul,  
“susceptable of the most refined and sen-  
“timental Passion; her Lover was of the  
“same Cast in Nature: This she knew  
“would



“ would weigh little with her Father, who  
 “ being advanced in Years, and instigated  
 “ by his Wife, in whose Power he was,  
 “ thought Riches the only Thing worth  
 “ marrying for in this World.

“ ACCORDINGLY Miss was commanded  
 “ to receive young *Beef* as a Man whom  
 “ she intended to wed; the Remonstrances  
 “ she made, the thousand Reasons for de-  
 “ ferring the Match, the Aversion she had  
 “ for him, were all urged in vain; her  
 “ Step-mother knew that being but eigh-  
 “ teen, she could not marry without her  
 “ Father’s Consent; this gave her a Power  
 “ of treating the unhappy young Lady  
 “ with the most atrocious Behaviour.

“ POSITIVE were the Commands of Mr.  
 “ *Mawson* that she should marry young  
 “ *Beef*; the Day was appointed, when the  
 “ Lamb was to be led to the Slaughter.

“ ONE Day Miss *Mawson* being alone  
 “ with *Beef*, fell into Tears, and intreated  
 “ him, if Compassion ever touched his Soul,  
 “ to have pity upon a wretched Creature,  
 “ and desist from intending to marry her.  
 “ It is impossible I can love you, Sir, says  
 “ she, my Heart is already engaged; you  
 “ may take me as by Violence, but surely

“ this cannot be agreeable to you, and must  
“ make me miserable; let me therefore im-  
“ plore you to relinquish the Pursuit of  
“ what must end in mutual Misery.

“ Miss, says *Beef*, I don't propose mar-  
“ rying your Heart, it is your Estate I  
“ marry; and as to your Heart, you may  
“ keep it, if you please.

“ THIS brutal Answer improved the  
“ Aversion she had conceived against him;  
“ yet such was the Resolution of the Fa-  
“ ther, and Treatment of her Step-mother  
“ that married she must be the following  
“ Week; no Tears, nor Prayers, could  
“ avert the impending Evil. Intelligence  
“ of this Design she found Means to con-  
“ vey to Mr. *Fealty*, whose Heart was  
“ bleeding at the Resolution which was  
“ taken.

“ AT the same time she appointed him a  
“ Meeting in the Grove near the House, to  
“ which she stole in the Night, the silver  
“ Moon lending her Beams to light her to  
“ her Lover.

“ THE Distress which each Bosom felt on  
“ this Occasion, the pathetic Expressions  
“ which

“ which burst from them, the intermingling  
 “ Tears and Kisses, made it the most in-  
 “ teresting Scene that can be imagined.  
 “ Must I be wedded to this Brute, she  
 “ cried, devoid of all human Feelings;  
 “ doom'd to his detested Arms, treated  
 “ like an inanimate, and kill'd with Cru-  
 “ elty?

“ No, my lovely *Nanny*, answered *Fealty*;  
 “ this cruel Usage will justify your flying  
 “ with me; resolve, and it shall be done.  
 “ It shall be resolved, says the lovely Crea-  
 “ ture, Heaven will protect me in this  
 “ Action, the World will vindicate me;  
 “ I see already the Eyes of every one pity-  
 “ ing my sad Fate.

“ It was then determined that every thing  
 “ should be prepared by Mr. *Fealty* to  
 “ rescue this amiable Creature whom he  
 “ loved, and save her from the Violation  
 “ of that Marriage which was to be accom-  
 “ plished between her and young *Beef*.

“ This Resolution the Step-mother fore-  
 “ saw might probably be taken; it induced  
 “ her therefore to keep a severe Watch  
 “ over her Daughter-in-Law, lest after  
 “ being carried away, the Father should  
 “ be soften'd by her Persuasions, and con-

“ sent to the Happiness of that Daughter  
“ whom she hated.

“ THE Night came; Miss *Mawson* was  
“ prepared; the Horses were ready near  
“ the Grove; and the young Lover deter-  
“ mined to risque every thing for her Pre-  
“ servation: Young *Beef* was in the House,  
“ when the watchful Step-mother was in-  
“ formed by Miss *Mawson*’s Maid, whom  
“ she had corrupted to her Interest, that  
“ her young Lady was going to meet her  
“ Lover, and had prepared for Flight.

“ THE Moment she had left the House,  
“ the Father, young *Beef*, and the Servants,  
“ were instantly alarmed; and Miss being  
“ followed, was soon over-taken with her  
“ Lover.

“ MR. *Fcalty*, with undaunted Resolu-  
“ tion, opposed himself to the whole Com-  
“ pany of Followers, and endeavoured to  
“ protect her from being carried back;  
“ when at length, overpower’d by Num-  
“ bers, he challenged young *Beef*. Villain,  
“ give me Satisfaction for this Injury you  
“ intend to offer to her my Soul adores:  
“ If you are a Man, come do me and  
“ yourself Justice, Coward, base degenerate  
“ Coward;



“ Coward ; turn and give me Satisfaction,  
“ he utter’d in Rage.

“ In vain ; *Beef* only mock’d his Words  
“ with Insolence ; he was therefore obliged  
“ to see his dearest *Nanny* forced from his  
“ Arms, and retire lamenting to the hated  
“ Abode of her Step-mother, to be wedded  
“ to the Object of her Aversion.

“ THIS Resolution of her flying with  
“ another Man, one would have imagined  
“ should have erased all Desire of wedding  
“ her, in the Heart of *Beef* ; but, on the  
“ contrary, he was now ten times more  
“ desirous of it than ever ; Tyranny being  
“ his Delight, which he intended to exercise  
“ in subduing the young Lady ; and Spite,  
“ which he should indulge by disappointing  
“ and rendering *Faalty* miserable, were two  
“ very considerable Motives to this Mar-  
“ riage.

“ THE next Day, after having been most  
“ inhumanly upbraided by her Step-mo-  
“ ther for this Resolution of attempting to  
“ save herself from wedding what she de-  
“ tested, drown’d in Floods of Tears, and  
“ never making one Response, she was mar-  
“ ried to young *Beef*.

"THE Day of nuptial Rites was a Day  
 " of Horror to her Soul: the Evening  
 " came, when her Distress was infinitely in-  
 " creased; she could not support the Idea  
 " of being in the Arms of him she detested;  
 " the Thoughts of his Touch thrill'd her  
 " Soul with Aversion. The Hour of reti-  
 " ring being come, she was inclosed in the  
 " same Bed with *Beef*; but such was her  
 " Behaviour, the rising Sun beheld her the  
 " Virgin she lay down.

"DAMME, Madam, says *Beef*, are not  
 " you my Wife?

"No, I am your Slave, you are my  
 " Master; but my Soul has never con-  
 " sented to be your Bride, nor ever shall.

"DAMME, says *Beef*, I suppose *Fealty*  
 " would not have been treated in this Man-  
 " ner.

"NAME him not, says she, he is all I  
 " love, and you are all I detest.

"ENRAGED with this Answer, he swore  
 " he would never sleep with her more.

"HEAVEN

"HEAVEN preserve you in that Resolution, answered the Lady.

"NOTWITHSTANDING this promising Beginning, she was obliged to retire with him to his Seat; where he frequented almost a hundred common Girls under her Eyes, which gave her no Pain, as he still kept himself from her.

"THERE was in the Neighbourhood a Lady whom this new-married Bride had commenced a strict Friendship with; here she often spent her Time, and frequently slept in the same Bed with her.

"THIS had created a Jealousy in the Head of Beef, that she met Mr. Feally in this House, than which nothing was less true: She had never seen him since the detested Hour of her Nuptials. In Consequence of this Imagination, he had entertained a Hope that he should one Day find them together in a guilty Hour, then get rid of them by Assassination; and thus sate his Revenge on both at one Time.

"HIS Lady then intending to make a Visit, and spend the Night with her Fe-

“ male Friend, *Beef*, inflamed with Jealousy, was resolved to steal upon her un-  
 “ awares, and do himself what he called  
 “ Justice.

“ In order to execute this, he had bought  
 “ the Servant of this Friend to his De-  
 “ sign; he was to let him into the House,  
 “ when his Mistress, and her Female Guest  
 “ were in Bed.

“ THE Servant was intirely a Stranger to  
 “ the Apprehensions of *Beef*, and did not  
 “ conceive that any Injury would be offered  
 “ to either of the Ladies, by the Man who  
 “ was Husband to one of them. The Night  
 “ being advanced, and the Family in Bed,  
 “ *Beef* was let in, his Servants staying  
 “ armed without, when taking a Candle  
 “ immediately, he repaired to the Room  
 “ where these Ladies were asleep in one  
 “ Bed; the first Object which struck his  
 “ Eyes in entering the Chamber, was a  
 “ Man's Hat on the dressing Table; this  
 “ confirming him in the Opinion that *Faalty*  
 “ was in Bed, he rush'd to that Place,  
 “ and plung'd a Hanger instantly into the  
 “ Bosom of his sleeping Wife; when at-  
 “ tempting to stab her Friend also, she, in-  
 “ stantly waking, leap'd from the Bed,  
 “ and preserved herself.

“ VILLAIN,



“VILLAIN, the cry’d, what have your  
“barbarous Hands been perpetrating? You  
“have murdered all that is beautiful and  
“virtuous.

“WHEN astonished at the Mistake, more  
“than regretting the Action, he cry’d,  
“Damn her, I imagined she had been in  
“Bed with *Fealty*.

“INHUMAN Wretch! Cursed Assassin!  
“What Death hath Horrors equal to this  
“inhuman Murder! At which Words he  
“left the House, and taking his Horses,  
“secured himself by Flight, and retired  
“into *France* without the least Sensibility  
“of his savage Actions.

“IT seems his Lady had that Day rode  
“to this House in a Hat and black Feather;  
“the latter not being discovered in his  
“Hurry, he concluded that it was Mr.  
“*Fealty*’s, and that he was in Bed with his  
“Wife; this had been the chief Cause of  
“his precipitate Murder.

“THE Father of *Beef*, being informed of  
“this Story, cursed the dead Lady, and  
“called her infamous B—for having thus  
“deprived him of his Son.

" This inhuman Act was soon brought  
 " to the Ears of Mr. *Faalty*; the Anguish  
 " of his Soul, on such an Occasion, will be  
 " difficultly expressed; he came to the  
 " House where the dead Body lay, and  
 " threw his Arms around it; pressing his  
 " Lips to hers, cold and inanimate, he said,  
 " This no brutal Husband can refuse, nor  
 " Virtue blame; then looking on the  
 " Wound, he cry'd, Oh! beauteous Bosom,  
 " where all that Truth and Tenderness in-  
 " spires, dwelt in Perfection! This Wound!  
 " This Wound! pleads thy righteous Cause;  
 " it says, thy virtuous Love for me was fa-  
 " tal. And shall thy Murderer escape  
 " whilst I have Hands to execute the Ven-  
 " geance which my Soul conceives, and  
 " Justice calls for? No—Nor Earth, nor  
 " Seas, shall hide him from my keen re-  
 " vengeful Search! Then lifting up his  
 " Hands and Eyes, he cry'd, Hear me  
 " Heaven! May every Curse the Skies can  
 " shower on Man, fall on this Head, if e'er  
 " my Soul feel quiet, or Feet shall find a  
 " resting Place, till I have sacrificed that  
 " Villain, thy Husband! Detested Name!  
 " that Murderer! to thy Repose, and my  
 " Revenge!

“ SAYING

“ SAYING this he returned Home, and  
 “ immediately disposed of his Affairs in a  
 “ proper Manner for his Journey ; he then  
 “ began his Pursuit of *Beef*. This brutal  
 “ Being was now arrived at *Paris*, where  
 “ insensible to the Horror of the Act which  
 “ he had committed, and rejoyced at his  
 “ successful Escape, he had taken a Mistress,  
 “ and was living in that same profligate  
 “ Manner he had done in *England*. Mr.  
 “ *Fealty*, arriving at *Paris*, waited on his  
 “ Banker, where inquiring about *Beef*, he  
 “ found he was in that City ; that he had  
 “ not long since parted with him ; and that  
 “ he was gone to the Theatre.

“ To this Place Mr. *Fealty* immediately  
 “ followed, and a Box-door being opened,  
 “ for his Admission, he saw *Beef* himself,  
 “ seated with his Girl ; who turning about  
 “ his Head, at the Noise of opening the  
 “ Door, beheld the Object, which of all the  
 “ Creation, was the least he liked to see.

“ THE Sensations of the Minds of these  
 “ two Men were as different as Thought  
 “ can conceive ; *Beef* trembled with Fear at  
 “ the Imagination of Mr. *Fealty*’s Design,  
 “ his Soul suggesting the true Reason of his  
 “ Voyage ; the other was in an Agony of  
 “ Joy

“ Joy at the Expectation of taking momen-  
 “ tary Revenge, after the Play. He there-  
 “ fore said to him softly, Villain, have I  
 “ found you! This very Evening you shall  
 “ do me Justice, and attonne for her you  
 “ have inhumanly murdered; this Evening  
 “ decides your Fate or mine.

“ THIS being overheard by a Gentle-  
 “ man in the same Box, who understood  
 “ *English*; seeing the Trepidation *Beef* was  
 “ in also, he immediately left the Seat, and  
 “ calling to some of the Guards, which are  
 “ ordered to do Duty at the Theatre, bid  
 “ them to see each of these Gentlemen to  
 “ their respective Lodgings, telling them  
 “ the Reason for his behaving in that  
 “ Manner.

“ THAT Night *Beef* left *Paris*, and fled  
 “ to *Aix* in *Provence*; from whence being  
 “ again chased by Mr. *Fealty*, he fled thro’  
 “ the different Cities of *Italy*, still pursued.

“ No Toil abated the Desire of Ven-  
 “ geance, in his Pursuer; at *Rome* he found  
 “ *Beef* again, when having bribed the Post-  
 “ boys, to tell him the Moment of his De-  
 “ parture, he pursued, and over took him  
 “ in his Road to *Naples*.

“ THE



“THE Moment *Beef* perceived himself  
 “overtaken, he was almost dead with  
 “Fear; when *Fealty* bidding the Post-boy  
 “stop, he came to the Chaise, and cry’d,  
 “Villain, descend and give me instant Sa-  
 “tisfaction.

“NOTWITHSTANDING this Brute had  
 “provided himself with Arms to make  
 “Resistance, the Spirit and Cause of Mr.  
 “*Fealty* almost deprived him of all Power  
 “to use them.

“LEAVE your Chaise, says *Fealty*, and  
 “take your Sword and Pistols, or I will  
 “stab you in the Place you are; nothing  
 “shall save you from my Vengeance.

“AT these Words he came down, when  
 “shooting at each other, and missing, one  
 “trembling with too much Eagerness of  
 “killing, the other through Fear of being  
 “killed; Mr. *Fealty* drew his Sword, and  
 “though *Beef* was prepared to defend  
 “himself, he run him through the Heart  
 “the first Thrust; when *Beef* falling, he  
 “again past his Sword through his Breast,  
 “saying, That for myself, the beauteous Bo-  
 “som, which thy Cruelty transfix’d, gave  
 “thee the first.

“ SAYING

“ SAYING this he prepared for Safety by  
 “ Flight, when soon reaching the Domi-  
 “ nions of *Tuscany*, flying through *Rome*  
 “ without stopping; he there rested a little  
 “ while, and now wanders from Place to  
 “ Place, never at Ease, continually lament-  
 “ ing the Fate of his murdered Love.

“ SUCH are the Consequences of com-  
 “ pelled Inclinations; such the Effect of  
 “ brutal Education; and such the Fate of  
 “ virtuous Love, violated by inhuman and  
 “ unfeeling Parents.”

THE Story being ended, a Sigh stole  
 from every Breast, and a Tear of Pity dropt  
 from every Eye.

THE Bell then summoning them to Din-  
 ner, they retired to their Repast, happy in  
 this Thought, that Felicity in Life had  
 been the Consequence of each wedding the  
 Object of their free Choice, a genuine Pas-  
 sion, uncompelled by that unnatural Power  
 which the Marriage Act has given to Pa-  
 rents.

CHAP.  
 provided them with the first Necessaries of  
 Life in a more comfortable Way than they  
 could

## C H A P. CXXIV.

*A strange Phenomenon in Woman; Lady Liberal refuses a Present of Jewels, and accepts the Money to bestow it in Charity. Mrs. Plaistow, her Diamonds, and herself, are now first brought forward; her Husband in the back Ground only. A Visit from and to Probit-castle; together with a small Touch of genteel Satire, exhibited in a new Light by the Countess.*

**B**ESIDES the present Company at Probit-castle, which had been rendered happy by the genuine Effects of true Love; Lady Liberal had assisted in communicating Felicity to many others, where that Passion had begun, between People of inferior Stations, amongst the Farmers Servants. She had originally refused that Present of Jewels, which the Earl would have presented her after his Marriage, with some View of this kind; accordingly the Interest of as much Money as would have surrounded the Neck, dangled in the Ears, or glittered uselessly in the Hair, laid out in Diamonds, she gave to young People who married in his Lordship's Estates, and were of good Character; this provided them with the first Necessaries of Life in a more comfortable Way than they could

could otherwise have done; and gave them as much real Content as, perhaps, can be known in any State; the tenderest Mother, the most dutiful Wife, the cleanest House, and best Management of the Family, were sure to receive annual Rewards from this Lady's Hands, in Presents of Clothing to them and their Children; thus Numbers were rendered happy by the Application of the Interest of that Money which is generally wantoned away in Luxury, and Self-love of the meanest kind.

THIS Joy was infinitely more heart-felt than blazing in Profusion of Gems: Can *Pit's* Diamond, can all those precious Stones that adorned the Throne at *Indostan*, with all their Lustre, impart to the Mind of Woman that Pleasure, which the shining Eyes of a Troop of Children, to whom she had afforded Food and Raiment, communicated to the Bosom of Lady *Liberal*?

THESE gave her ineffable Delight, the genuine Consequence of true Humanity.

THE Company were now thinking of returning to their several Abodes; and as the Happiness in being together was great, the Pain was not less at parting, which was that Week.

THERE



THERE was in the Neighbourhood a new married Lady, who had been lately brought into the Country to her Husband's Seat: She was one of your modern true bred Dames, whose Temptation to Marriage was the fine Things which had been presented by her Lover, not young, about forty, who preserved all the Gaiety of fifteen; and with the Help of a Pencil, Black-lead, and Rouge, made out a tolerable Face after two Hours Work in the Morning. This Lady had been lately married to this Gentleman of Fortune in the Neighbourhood, a second Wife; whom the Earl, though he never had any Intimacy with him, yet sometimes visited in a ceremonious Way.

THEIR coming into the Country at this Time required that Complaisance of the Earl and Countess; they therefore appointed a Day, and paid this necessary Visit of Politeness. This new Lady was one of those whose Tongues are incessantly in Motion, learned in every Tittle Tattle of a London Writer, absorbed in Fashions and Love of Finery; accordingly fancying that good Humour was a prevailing Inducement to be well received in the Country, she almost talked Lady *Liberal* to Death in displaying her Finery; amongst the rest, her Diamond Neck-

Neck-lace, and Ear-rings, her Bracelets and Egret, were all shewr.

“INDEED,” says she, “my Dear Mr. *Plastow* would give me these Jewels, in spite of all I could say; few Ladies amongst the Nobility have finer, I know they envy them to me, I saw that by their Looks at the *Ridotta*; but why should I give myself Pain upon that Score, since my Dear Mr. *Plastow* is determined to shew me the strongest Marks of his Affection, by the genteel Presents he makes me. Has your Ladyship seen many finer Ear-rings than these?” taking them in her Hands, and shaking them to shew their Brilliancy.

“INDEED Madam,” replied the Countess, “my own excepted, I know no one who has better; I shall shew you mine when you honour me with a Visit at *Probit-castle*.”

THE Earl smiled at this Answer, and the Lady protested she should not be at Ease till she saw her Ladyship’s Diamonds: Accordingly, a few Days improved this Bride’s Impatience to so great a Degree, that positively she must go to *Probit-castle*, to see Lady *Liberal*’s Diamonds.

THE Day was fixt, the Guests arrived, when after some Time Mrs. *Plastow* desired the Favour of seeing her Ladyship's Jewels; this was readily granted, when repairing to a Parlour, Lady *Liberal* opened the Door and said, "There Madam are my Diamonds," pointing to a long Range of young People, from twenty to three Years old, whom she had assisted in bringing up, and ordered to be at the Castle that Day. "Those are the Gems I boast of; these are all I have; don't you think many of them very large and very fine?"

"I PROTEST, my Lady, I do not understand you," says Mrs. *Plastow*. Her Ladyship then explained her Meaning, as we have already drawn it up, and Mrs. *Plastow* said, "it was really immensely droll, and a vastly funny Thought," not in the least affected with the delicate Touches of Satire which this was designed to convey to a Woman, whose Vanity of being fine, was incommoding her Husband's Happiness, by runing him in Debt more than his Estate would allow, in buying her Bawbles.

## C H A P. CXXV.

*A Stranger returns to Probit-castle; he discovers himself to be Mr. Clinch, whom the Earl and Countess had educated. Time has not erased the Friendship of the Family, nor the Gratitude of the Guest.*

**N**OT long after this Time, a Servant brought a Message to the Earl and Countess, that a Gentleman, a Stranger, with two Servants, in handsome Liveries, was arrived at the Castle, and desired to see his Lordship and Lady *Liberal*.

“DESIRE him to walk in,” says the Earl, “he has not waited long I hope.”

“No, my Lord,” says the Servant,

THE Gentleman being introduced, trembled with Pleasure at the Sight of this noble Pair, whom Age had only changed from beautiful to venerable.

“MY Lord and Lady, I fancy” says he, “you scarce remember me.”

“INDEED Sir,” says Lady *Liberal*, and the Earl, “I cannot recollect your Face.”

“HAVE



“ HAVE you no Remembrance, my  
“ Lady, of a poor Boy whom your graci-  
“ ous Commiseration took from Wretched-  
“ ness, and educated with much Care and  
“ Goodness?”

“ You are not Mr. *Clinch*, sure?” says the  
Countess, “are you, Sir?” “ Yes, Madam,  
“ I am that Person come to return you all  
“ possible Thanks for your Care of me;  
“ to prove that your Goodness to my Di-  
“ stress has never been obliterated from my  
“ Heart, and that Gratitude can dwell with  
“ Pleasure in this Bosom.”

THE Countess then saluting him, as did  
the Earl with great Tenderness and Joy,  
told him they were extremely glad to see  
him, and that this Visit was a real Pleasure  
to them. “ Methinks,” says the Countess,  
“ my Dear, I now begin to discover some  
“ Remains of those Features which he had  
“ when he was a little Boy, and expressed  
“ such sweet Compassion for my Suffer-  
“ ings.”

“ OH, Madam, mention not that, I be-  
“ seech you,” says Mr. *Clinch*. “ Indeed  
“ I think he still preserves a Likeness to  
“ what he was then,” says the Earl; “ but,  
“ Sir,

“ Sir, I should never have found you out,  
“ because not having heard from you so  
“ long, I concluded you were dead.”

“ I WROTE several Letters, my Lord,  
“ which I imagine never came to your  
“ Hand,” said the Gentleman. “ Indeed  
“ they did not,” says the Earl, “ or I  
“ could not have neglected answering to a  
“ Man I have always loved, and esteemed;  
“ *Lydy*, and I,” taking her Hand, and  
smiling in her Face, “ have frequently la-  
“ mented you as no more.” This was re-  
ceived with a grateful Acknowledgment,  
and sensible Delight, by Mr. *Clinch*.

“ BUT, pray, Sir,” says Lady *Liberal*,  
“ what various Fortune has detained you so  
“ long from your native Land, and your  
“ Friends?” “ Various indeed, my Lady,”  
replied Mr. *Clinch*, “ and which I will re-  
“ late to your Ladyship, and the Earl,  
“ during the time I reside with you; for  
“ your Ladyship will give me leave to claim  
“ the old Privilege of this Castle.” “ With  
“ infinite Pleasure, Sir,” answered this Lord  
and Lady, “ Time has not abated our  
“ Friendship, any more than it has your  
“ Gratitude, Sir; this shall now be your  
“ home as when you were a Boy, and  
“ came

"came hither from School to pass the Time away."

He then, after thanking them for this Goodness, desired to know what Part of the Family was alive, which he left at the Castle. "All," says the Earl; "all married; all happy; their Children numerous; and promising to be Blessings to them, as their Parents are to me, and my dear *Lydy*."

"AND Mr. *Lovegood*?" says Mr. *Clinch*. "He is living the same honest Man you left him, and will be rejoiced to see you," says the Countess.

THE Hour of dining being come, they repaired to Table; and the Conversation turned upon Things which Mr. *Clinch* remembered with Pleasure, brought back fresh upon his Mind by the Objects around him.

THIS Conversation, though attended with great Delight to those who are engaged in it, probably may not be so agreeable to our Readers; we shall therefore omit it, and close this Chapter.

## C H A P. CXXVI.

*In which Mr. Clinch recounts the Vicissitudes of his Life since he left the Castle. Africa, Europe, and Asia, make the Scenes of his History. The End propitious, together with his Reflection.*

SOME Days after his Arrival, when Mr. Clinch had recovered the Fatigue of his Journey, and been visited by the young Family which he left behind him at his quitting the Castle, now grown Men and Women, happy Fathers and Mothers, Lady *Liberal* desired he would relate that Diversity of Fortune which he had intimated to have befallen him since he left *England*.

“ My Lady, I will recount it with Pleasure,” he replied. “ When by your Goodness I had been educated a good Scholar, Lord *Liberal*, at my Desire of going Abroad, procured me a Clerk’s Place to a Merchant in *Leghorn*; and having provided me with every thing in Abundance, dismissed me with his good Wishes, and Promise of continued Friendship, bidding me be honest: Your  
“ Ladyship,



“ Ladyship, I never can forget it, kissed  
“ me tenderly ; and wishing me all Happi-  
“ ness, dropt a silent Tear, which has since  
“ given me infinite Delight by reflecting on  
“ what Interest I had in your Heart.

“ Soon after embarking in the *Thames*  
“ on-board a Ship, which was bound to  
“ *Legborn*, we had scarce pass’d the Straights  
“ of *Gibraltar*, when a Storm, which our  
“ Vessel was not able to resist, drove us on  
“ the Coast of *Africa*. Here we were  
“ Shipwreck’d, and every human Creature  
“ on-board but myself perished.”

“ THIS Calamity we learnt, only with  
“ this Difference, that you were drown’d  
“ also,” says Lady *Liberal*; “ since which  
“ Time, looking upon you as no more,  
“ and no Account having been ever receiv-  
“ ed of your being saved from the Storm,  
“ we concluded, not without much Afflic-  
“ tion, that you then left this World also.”  
“ Alas! my Fate, Madam, was for many  
“ Years infinitely more deplorable than  
“ those who perished in the Waves; Mil-  
“ lions of times did I curse the Hour of  
“ my Preservation; Millions of times envy  
“ their happy Lot who perish’d in Liberty.  
“ Yet I must own at first, when I perceived  
“ myself safe on-shore, the Idea of Preser-  
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“vation communicated a Joy beyond all  
“Expression to my Heart: This, however,  
“was soon banished from my Bosom; those  
“Men who took me, carried me to *Algiers*,  
“and there sold me as a Slave; here it was  
“your Ladyship will believe that Life soon  
“became a Torment; and the Fate of  
“those who were Shipwreck’d, the con-  
“stant Envy of my Soul.

“My Labour was excessive, doom’d to  
“make and carry vast Burthens of Mortar  
“to those who were building my Master’s  
“House; my Shoulders were worn to the  
“Bones; I frequently fainted with Ex-  
“cess of Pain, and Weakness; when  
“without Mercy I was whipp’d to my Toil  
“again: Many times did I resolve to end  
“this miserable Being; but something still  
“seemed to whisper to my Heart that  
“better Days were coming, and held my  
“Hand from the rash Act of Suicide.

“At length a Servant of the House told  
“me, that the Daughter of my Master  
“had seen my Distress; and in pity to my  
“Misery, would assist me with Womens  
“Cloaths, and thus endeavour to procure  
“my Escape; that I should learn at what  
“Time an *English* Ship was in the Port,  
“and

and then she would provide me with this  
Disguise, and promote my Flight.

JUDGE what Impression this Account  
made on my Heart; I thanked her with  
infinite Gratitude, protested that nothing  
but Death should efface the Goodness she  
offered me: She then said that Love was  
the Cause of this Undertaking in her  
young Mistress; and she hoped, in Gra-  
titude to this Act, that she might expect  
to find some Interest in my Affections.

I ANSWERED, that no Heart could be  
insensible to such celestial Generosity, and  
that mine should never suffer her Image  
to be erased from it; that if I succeeded,  
I would soon be there again concealed in  
an *English* Vessel, and find some means  
to carry her away, when she should be  
my Wife, and prove how much my  
grateful Soul was capable of loving, and  
returning this Mercy. She was indeed  
beautiful, for I had seen her through the  
Window, and frequently observed her  
with the Face of Compassion looking on  
my Miseries as I labour'd.

THERE was now an *English* Ship in the  
Port, and Intelligence of this being given  
to my Deliverer, I was provided with

“ the Cloaths of a Female Servant ; when  
“ finding an Opportunity to dress myself  
“ in this Habit, I escaped unobserved thro’  
“ the People of the Family : My Soul  
“ trembled within me as I walked along ;  
“ the Port was in sight ; the Vessel before  
“ mine Eyes : But, alas ! such was my ill  
“ Fortune, my Absence was discovered ;  
“ I was pursued, and taken.

“ JUDGE what was my Horror at this  
“ Moment of my being seized ; I implored  
“ them to put me instantly to death, thro’  
“ Dread of the coming Torture ; they  
“ dragg’d me back to my remorseless Master,  
“ who demanding from whom I had the  
“ Garments in which I was dress’d, swore  
“ he would give me ten thousand Strokes  
“ on the Soles of my Feet if I did not dis-  
“ cover it.

“ BOUND by Honour, by Love, by Gra-  
“ titude, by all that is sacred, as I was, I  
“ obstinately refused to answer, and suffered  
“ this inexpressible Punishment unrevealing  
“ who had conveyed this Habit to me.  
“ Good God ! what Pains did I endure,  
“ compell’d to work on these Feet which  
“ had been beaten to that Degree, the only  
“ Remission from Torture was, whilst I  
“ fainted with excess of it ; still I know not  
“ why,



“ why, amidst my Agonies when Life was  
“ Horror only, something suggested hap-  
“ pier Moments awaited me; whether this  
“ be the common Effects of Hope alone in  
“ Man, I know not; but I have been per-  
“ suaded it was something more in my  
“ Bosom.

“ I WAS now doom'd to the Gallies, and  
“ being chained to the Oar with aking  
“ Heart, imprecating Vengeance, rowed  
“ the *Barbarians* to the Attack of *European*  
“ Ships. It was then the Star of better  
“ Fortune seemed to rise upon me; I pro-  
“ cured my Release from this execrable  
“ Situation: A *Spanish* Ship, whom the  
“ *Moors* attacked, happily proved too strong  
“ for us; when the Gally being taken, we  
“ were set free, and those who had been  
“ our tyrannic Masters, were in their Turn  
“ doom'd to Slavery. Judge of my Joy  
“ at this Release; yet such was the Anguish  
“ of my Heart for what I had suffered, and  
“ the Dread of falling again into that ex-  
“ ecrable State, I never closed my Eyes  
“ till we were landed safe at *Cadiz*, where  
“ this Ship was bound, and belonged to.

“ WHEN my Feet first touched the Earth,  
“ what Transport did my Soul conceive!  
“ How did I pour my Thanks to Heaven

“ for the Deliverance ! Naked as I was, my  
 “ Soul was filled with Rapture ; destitute  
 “ of all Things I seemed to want nothing.  
 “ Such were my Sensations at touching the  
 “ hospitable Shores of *Spain* ; yet for many  
 “ Years I never closed my Eyes without  
 “ being haunted by the Return of my past  
 “ Slavery. During the four Years of my  
 “ Captivity I had learnt, amongst my Fel-  
 “ low-slaves, who were *Spaniards*, the Lan-  
 “ guage of *Spain*, and spoke it well. At  
 “ my landing at *Cadiz*, the Merchant who  
 “ was Owner of the Ship which delivered  
 “ me from the Hands of these *Barbarians*,  
 “ finding I had been well educated, and  
 “ that I understood Merchants Accompts,  
 “ inclined to take me into his Business ;  
 “ particularly as I should be useful to him  
 “ in writing *English* Letters.”

“ AND why did not you write to me  
 “ then,” says Lady *Liberal*. “ Madam I  
 “ cannot say,” he answered. “ You had  
 “ some Reason sure,” says the Countess.  
 “ I must tell you the Truth ; I had written  
 “ several Letters from *Barbary*, and hav-  
 “ ing received no Answer, I concluded you  
 “ were dead ; and, therefore, declined that  
 “ Duty which I owed you.

“ WITH

" WITH this Gentleman I lived happily,  
 " and increased in Esteem; he found me  
 " honest, and gave me Confidence. I  
 " would have revisited *Algiers*, as I had  
 " promised my intended Deliverer; but  
 " had not Means to effect it: Alas my Mis-  
 " fortunes had not yet reached the Goal.  
 " Don *Lopez* was old, and his Wife was  
 " young; she had frequently beheld me  
 " with an Eye which signified more than  
 " I desired to know: To shorten this Ac-  
 " count, she loved me, and found means  
 " to declare her Passion for me.

" This Discovery was the Cause of much  
 " real Pain to me; I had received such di-  
 " stinguished Marks of Favour from my  
 " Master, that none but a Man, lost to all  
 " Sense of Gratitude, could indulge a single  
 " Thought of injuring him in so essential  
 " a Point as that of violating his Bed. I  
 " knew, at the same time, his Wife, who  
 " was beautiful, would never bear the Idea  
 " of her Charms being neglected, and the  
 " Offers of her Person contemned.

" THESE Affronts few Women of any  
 " Nation bear, and the high spirited *Spanish*  
 " Ladies the least of any: However, I was  
 " resolved, let what would be the Event of

“ it, not to injure the Man who had treated  
 “ me with such excessive Goodness. I there-  
 “ fore, without rejecting the Distinction  
 “ which his Lady intended me, delayed  
 “ the Hour of Affignation, and positive  
 “ Answer.

“ NOTHING is so subtle as a *Spanish*  
 “ Woman’s Soul; she instantly foresaw my  
 “ Design; being stung to the Heart with  
 “ this Contempt of mine for her Beauty  
 “ and Affection, the Thought of having  
 “ laid herself open to my Discovery, and  
 “ the Dread of my revealing it, adding a  
 “ farther Incentive; she herself began with  
 “ informing my Master, that I had made  
 “ Overtures of Love to her.

“ INRAGED as Don *Lopez* was on this  
 “ Occasion, I met his Anger with much  
 “ Firmness, and apparent Innocence; I  
 “ defended myself so well from what he  
 “ urged against me; I assured him that this  
 “ must come from my Enemies; and that  
 “ his Lady would do me the Justice to clear  
 “ me from all Intention of that kind; and  
 “ that his Goodness to me would never have  
 “ permitted my Heart to entertain an Idea  
 “ of that base and criminal Nature.

“ THIS



“ THIS Lady then finding I did not re-  
 “ taliate her Injustice, began to abate in the  
 “ Vigour of her Pursuit, and Resentment a  
 “ little subsided; however, it was impossi-  
 “ ble I could tarry with Don *Lopez*; a *Spa-*  
 “ *nish* Heart, once touched with the livid  
 “ Colour of Jealousy, is never washed free  
 “ from that Stain again; and I was deter-  
 “ mined not to destroy his future Peace by  
 “ revealing his Lady’s Behaviour: All my  
 “ Hopes of Partnership in this House were  
 “ now at an End, and my parting from it  
 “ was resolved; notwithstanding which, not  
 “ being dismissed on dishonest Terms, Don  
 “ *Lopez* recommended me to Don *Antonio*  
 “ *Perez*, who had vast Dealings in *Mexico*;  
 “ this Gentleman, who knew my Character,  
 “ asked if I would settle in *New Spain*,  
 “ there you may make your Fortune in a  
 “ few Years, as I believe no one will dis-  
 “ cover that you are not a Native of this  
 “ Country, by your manner of speaking the  
 “ Language: That Circumstance, however,  
 “ you must keep secret, or it will prove  
 “ fatal to you.

“ THUS instructed I left *Spain*, and ar-  
 “ rived safe in *Mexico*, where being indulged  
 “ with great Commissions from the Gentle-  
 “ man who sent me, and from many others

“ who approved of my Conduct; I soon  
“ became rich, and thought of sending my  
“ Effects, by degrees, to *Europe*, and re-  
“ turn to *England*, to spend my remaining  
“ Life in quiet.

“ As I was busied in contriving the best  
“ Method, and entertaining my Imagina-  
“ tion with the Thoughts of revisiting my  
“ native Land in Splendor, walking in the  
“ Evening in an Avenue which was divided  
“ from a Garden walled round, I heard the  
“ most musical Voice that had ever touched  
“ my Ears, singing a plaintive Song, and  
“ by listening attentively, I perceived she  
“ was without Company; the Manner of  
“ the Singing inclining me to be of that  
“ Opinion, as it seemed more to ease a  
“ Heart in solitary Anxiety, than for the  
“ Entertainment of Company.

“ I KNEW this was the Garden of the  
“ Vice-roy, belonging to a little House  
“ where he generally kept his most favourite  
“ Mistress, to which he frequently retired  
“ to pass away the Evenings in her Arms.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING this, and the  
“ Danger which attended it, such was the  
“ Eagerness of my Curiosity, I was deter-  
“ mined to obtain a Sight of this Fair-one,  
“ though

“ though it could be only by Moon-light,  
 “ that Luminary then rising with full Orb.

“ ACCORDINGLY I climbed that Tree  
 “ in the Avenue which was nearest the  
 “ Arbor in which she was sitting, as I learnt  
 “ from her Voice, and there impatiently  
 “ expected the Moment when she would  
 “ quit her Seat.

“ NOT many Minutes gave her to my  
 “ Eyes, beautiful as your Ladyship when  
 “ I left *England*; and indeed I thought she  
 “ resembled you.

“ HER Hair was black; her Eyes spark-  
 “ ling even by that Light; her Shape the  
 “ easiest, and her Motion the most grace-  
 “ ful as she walked along the Grass.”

LADY *Liberal*, and the Earl, smiled at  
 this Description. “ Bless me,” says the  
 Countess, “ how handsome I was once?”

“ MY Heart felt then the first Influence  
 “ of Love, the former had been only Gra-  
 “ titude; I spoke softly when she returned;  
 “ Fairest Maid, Oh! listen to the Vows  
 “ of one who dies for you! who conceives  
 “ no Danger great that can propose a Pro-  
 “ bability

“ bability of being blessedd with your Re-  
“ gard.

“ THIS stopp'd her Feet, and casting her  
“ Eyes upon me, she said, I am unhappy;  
“ but how will you relieve me? I am  
“ doom'd to all I hate; but you have not  
“ Power to extricate me from that Diffi-  
“ culty.

“ I THEN told her there was nothing I  
“ would not undertake for her Deliverance.  
“ She then implored me to depart immedi-  
“ ately, for nothing could preserve my Life  
“ if I was discovered; I withdrew, telling  
“ her that the next Evening should bring  
“ me there about Midnight.

“ THE Time came, and she told me that  
“ her Lover was constant in his Visits to  
“ her every other Night; his Jealousy,  
“ says she, is beyond all Conception; he  
“ knows I detest him, wherefore I am never  
“ permitted to behold any Creature, but  
“ one old Negro Man and one old Wo-  
“ man, who live in that House, the Gar-  
“ den is the only Place in which I am suf-  
“ fered to walk, which I do those Evenings  
“ alone, when my Keeper comes not to vi-  
“ sit me; henceforth I shall convey my  
“ Sentiments to you by Letter.

“ I



“ I WROTE all that a Heart truly in-  
“ spired with Love can suggest to a Lover’s  
“ Imagination; at least I thought so; this  
“ I threw, with a Piece of Silver tied to it  
“ as a Weight only, into the Garden, which  
“ she immediately received, and read with  
“ Pleasure.

“ THIS Epistle she answered, and threw  
“ it me in the same Manner, the next  
“ Night but one; in this Letter she in-  
“ formed me, that the next Morning she  
“ was to return to the City to hear Mass,  
“ when she should be in a Chapel on the  
“ South-side of the Church dedicated to  
“ the holy Virgin, where she should be glad  
“ to see me, and be more acquainted with  
“ my Person, which was not yet well enough  
“ known, by Moon-light, to engage her  
“ in all I wished her to undertake; or dis-  
“ cover whether I possess’d what she desired  
“ to find in me.

“ IMPATIENT for the Hour, dress’d to  
“ the best Advantage, I repaired to this  
“ Place of Rendezvous; when entering the  
“ Chapel, I dropt on my Knees trem-  
“ bling, by the Side of a Lady covered  
“ with a Veil, whom I suspected to be her;  
“ there whilst feigning great Enthusiasm of  
“ Devotion,

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LETTER A.  
“ votion, Heaven forgive me this Hypo-  
“ crisy, directing my Hands and Eyes to  
“ Heaven, she took an Opportunity of  
“ lifting her Veil, and shewing me the  
“ finest Face those Eyes have ever beheld.

“ THAT Passion which I believed before  
“ could receive no Increase, was now be-  
“ come infinitely augmented; I scarce had  
“ Power to raise myself from my Knees,  
“ and follow her with my Eyes as she  
“ went from her Devotion: It was with the  
“ utmost Difficulty I forbore pursuing and  
“ speaking to this celestial Creature; to this  
“ Hour I am at a loss whether Wonder made  
“ me dumb and immoveable, or Discretion  
“ withheld me from that Rashness.

“ I HAD Reason to believe my Person  
“ was not disagreeable to her, because she  
“ beheld me with a Smile of Approbation  
“ when she disclosed her Beauties.

“ My Impatience of seeing her again was  
“ become extravagant; that Evening was  
“ destined to her Keeper: I was therefore  
“ obliged to live till the succeeding Night,  
“ an Age, till I was confirmed in what I  
“ wish'd, feared, believed, and doubted,  
“ a Million of times, during the tumultu-  
“ ous Interval.

“ THE

“ THE Evening came ; I was just to my  
 “ Appointment ; a Letter was thrown me ;  
 “ she tarried no longer ; and I, deprived  
 “ of seeing her I adored, hurried to the  
 “ City where I might read the Contents ;  
 “ the very Dread of which made me trem-  
 “ ble to the Soul, as I concluded her not  
 “ chusing to converse with me was a Proof  
 “ of her Dislike.

“ BUT, alas ! I was deceived ; in this  
 “ Epistle she told me that my Person was  
 “ what she approved of ; that her Soul was  
 “ tired with being chained to the shrivel’d  
 “ Embraces of the Vice-roy ; his Touch  
 “ is like the icy Hand of Death, and thrills  
 “ me through with Horror ; therefore if  
 “ any means can be contrived to free me  
 “ from this horrid Slavery, I am ready to  
 “ undertake it with you, and even fly the  
 “ World to fly from him I hate. This  
 “ she expressed in her Letter.

“ I WAS now to be permitted to pass the  
 “ Wall, if I could find any Device which  
 “ could give me that Felicity ; Love is full  
 “ of Expedients ; he assisted me ; I made  
 “ of black Silk, in the Form of a very  
 “ strong Netting, something which might  
 “ reach from this Tree to the Garden Wall,  
 “ to

“ to one End of which, fastening Iron-  
“ hooks, I tied the other to the Body of  
“ the Tree, and thus passed over it, like a  
“ Bridge to the Top of the Wall; I pre-  
“ ferred this Method to that of a Ladder,  
“ as less discoverable by any Person who  
“ might pass that Way: When I had ar-  
“ rived thus far, I fastened another Con-  
“ trivance made of Silk, in the Fashion of  
“ a Ladder on the Top of the Wall; when  
“ the Lady holding the lower Part, which  
“ I directed her first to turn round a Tree,  
“ I easily descended to the Garden.

“ JUDGE what I felt at this Instant; when  
“ pressing her in my Arms, I tasted those  
“ Lips which I had despaired ever to touch  
“ till that Moment.

“ IN the Bower she related to me all her  
“ Anxiety, and dreaded Manner of living,  
“ secluded from all Conversation but that  
“ which a detested old Woman, and more  
“ detested Man, whose tottering Steps, and  
“ impotent Lasciviousness, the Bane of  
“ all amorous Passion, can afford me; here I  
“ walk whole Nights, lamenting my un-  
“ happy Condition; and as my Escape is  
“ conceived to be impossible, I am indulged  
“ in Solitariness, and no one will distrust  
“ that you are in the Garden, she said.

“ WE



“ We then vow’d ten thousand Vows of  
 “ mutual Fidelity, and I hasten’d to pro-  
 “ cure all Things necessary for our Depar-  
 “ ture, when I might relieve her from this  
 “ hated Abode. Alas! I loved her to ex-  
 “ cess.

“ Thus repeating these Evenings, when her  
 “ Keeper came not, in her Arms not crimi-  
 “ nally, I tasted Joys immortal, inflamed with  
 “ Hopes of future Bliss. My Effects were,  
 “ by this Time, chiefly remitted into *Spain*;  
 “ our Resolution was taken to fly by differ-  
 “ ent Roads to *La vera Cruz*, where, by  
 “ my Orders, a Ship lay ready to sail the  
 “ Moment we should arrive.

“ THE Night but one before the intended  
 “ Flight, whilst I was enjoying the delici-  
 “ ous Minutes with this amiable Creature,  
 “ our Souls void of Suspicion, conversing  
 “ on our approaching Transports, who  
 “ should surprize us in this Arbour, but  
 “ the Vice-roy himself; Death would have  
 “ imparted less Terror to my Soul; I now  
 “ saw I must be deprived of what I loved  
 “ more than Life; she, trembling, fell  
 “ fainting into my Arms; he drew his  
 “ Scimitar, of which I easily disarm’d him;  
 “ adding, that if he spoke one Word, or  
 “ demanded

“demanded any Assistance, that Instant I  
 “would plunge it in his Bosom.

“TERRIFIED at this Design, he was si-  
 “lent; I then bound him with a silken Rope  
 “which I had in my Pocket; and stopping  
 “his Mouth, I prevailed on this lovely  
 “Woman to ascend the Ladder, which she  
 “did; I then followed her. When arriving  
 “to the City of *Mexico*, we prepared for  
 “instant Flight; but swift as we fled, aided  
 “by Love, we were yet overtaken; I  
 “saw her ravish’d from my Arms for ever.  
 “Oh! Anguish beyond Utterance!

“It seems the Vice-roy had that fatal  
 “Evening determined to surprize his fa-  
 “vourite Mistress with a Visit; and as he  
 “always came unattended but with one Ser-  
 “vant, he had stolen softly into the Garden,  
 “to meet unexpectedly this Idol of his  
 “Heart; here he found us; here began our  
 “Scene of Misery.

“Soon after we fled, the Servants finding  
 “he tarried later in the Garden than usual,  
 “and coming to call him to his Repast,  
 “found him in the Manner I left him.

“In Consequence of this Design, my  
 “Fate was Condemnation to the Mines:

“The

“ The Lady, such was his Passion for her,  
“ was again confined to that Prison, where  
“ the Vice-roy, upbraiding her with In-  
“ gratitude, yet loving her to excess, at the  
“ same time hating himself for that Passion,  
“ constantly visited her; Despair soon fini-  
“ shed her Days in this Confinement.

“ In the Mountains of *Mexico* I was em-  
“ ployed to dig the Silver Ore, to wash it,  
“ and mix the Quicksilver with the Metal;  
“ my Life would soon have terminated in  
“ this Employ, which was now my only  
“ Consolation; my Hopes of Freedom  
“ having entirely forsaken me: But the  
“ Vice-roy dying soon after this Lady, a  
“ Friend, who loved me much, and suc-  
“ ceeded to that Honour till another was  
“ appointed from *Spain*, freed me from  
“ this Slavery, and brought me back to  
“ *Mexico*.

“ THIS Gentleman had but one Daugh-  
“ ter, the Heiress of immense Possessions;  
“ he had always entertained a favourable  
“ Opinion of my Heart, and imagined I  
“ would make a kind of a Husband which  
“ the *Spaniards* seldom prove to those they  
“ wed: He had an infinite Tenderness for  
“ his Daughter; and as I had frequently  
“ entertained him with Accounts of *English*  
“ Wives,

“ Wives, and their Manner of living, he  
 “ had conceived a Thought of one Day  
 “ settling his Daughter with me, and fixing  
 “ her in *England*. The young Lady was  
 “ beautiful; and though I confess the for-  
 “ mer Passion was not yet crazed from my  
 “ Soul at his offering me his Daughter, in-  
 “ duced by her Fortune I married her.

“ THE Charms of her Person, and Sweet-  
 “ ness of her Disposition, won upon my Soul,  
 “ and soon made me fond of her to excess.  
 “ My dear *Antonietta*! my proposed Bliss,  
 “ was frustrated there also.

“ AFTER we were married, her Father,  
 “ who had formerly resolved we should sail  
 “ for *Europe*, and settle in *England*, could  
 “ not now bear the Thoughts of parting  
 “ with his only Child; we loved each other  
 “ extremely; she was full of Duty, and I  
 “ of Gratitude; we married, and she ex-  
 “ pired in her first Child-bed.

“ HER Father did not long survive this  
 “ darling Child; when dying, he bequeath-  
 “ ed me two hundred thousand Pounds,  
 “ more than one half of which being remit-  
 “ ted to *England*, I am now come to enjoy,  
 “ and let the rest follow, if it can.

“ THIS



“THIS is my Story; which shews, that  
 “at the End of the thorny Paths of Af-  
 “fliction, stands the Temple of Reward;  
 “and that, though the Way be craggy,  
 “difficult, and winding, there is Succets  
 “affixed by Providence for those who per-  
 “severe with Patience.”

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## C H A P. CXXVII.

*Love in old Age; and Duty in Children.*

*Lady Liberal conceives a Presentiment of her approaching End: Her Letter on that Account, and another Paper. She dies. The Earl's Distress; and that of his Progeny, Family, and Tenants. Grief will not permit him to taste Sustenance. He dies also; his last Words to his Children; his Burial. Universal Affliction reigns over the Hearts of all present.*

**T**HIS History being concluded, Lady Liberal and the Earl sincerely welcomed him from so many Escapes, and so happy an Event: Mr. Clinch then taking a very large Diamond from his Pocket, set in a Ring, desired the Countess to accept it as a small Token of that Esteem and Duty which

which he owed her Ladyship; Lady *Liberal* received it with Pleasure, answering, “that it should be preserved in the Family as a Remembrance of Gratitude in the Person who presented it.”

Mr. *Clinch* then bought an Estate in the Neighbourhood, determining to spend the Remainder of his Days near this Family, to which he thought himself so much indebted, and which he loved so well: Indeed, before he came to *Probit-castle*, he had entertained some Hopes that both the young Ladies were not married, and that one of them might be destined to make him happy; this, however, he was deceived in, their Felicity had been long fixed in the Arms of those whom we have already related, where reciprocal Passion beamed from Breast to Breast, the purest Rays of Love.

THE Earl and Countess now grew old apace, and yet in their Behaviour to each other, there was the same Tenderness and Affection which accompany the young Hours of Love in the fondest Pairs. Neither this Lord or Lady ever saw each other enter the Room without a manifest Pleasure smiling in their Countenances; and the Earl would frequently kiss Lady *Liberal's* Hand, pressing it to his Lips with Ardour,

Ardour, the smiling with Joy at the same Time.

It was a Sight, delicious as the Land to starving Mariners, to see this Pair, his Lordship at eighty-five Years old, her Ladyship seventy-three, walking Arm in Arm in the Sunny-walks of the Gardens, with all the Affection which attends Youth, gazing with Delight on each other. Our first Parents scarce gave such an Idea of Happiness before the Fall; the venerable and complacent Countenances of this Man and Woman told the Beholders they had never broken the Commands of Heaven, or tasted interdicted Fruit, secure in Paradise beyond all Power of falling.

It was now their Grand-children were learning the same Lessons at *Probit-castle*, which had been taught their Parents; Reverence, and Love attended all their Behaviour.

My Lord *Probit* himself, as well as his Brothers and Sisters, such were the unfashionable Ideas of this Family, grew every Day more apprehensive for the declining Lives of their Parents. These Children had never entertained an Idea that their Parents lived too long: The Estate and Fortune of  
the

the Family was the Object that least engaged their Consideration: Indeed they were, in Effect, their own already; and Lord *Probit* took infinitely more Delight in beholding his Father and Mother revered and esteemed by all Mankind, than the Addition of the Title could have communicated to him.

THE Company of their Children was now more frequent than ever at the Castle; the Grand-children increased the Number and Delight of the Family: Desire of seeing and enjoying each other as much as possible, was the Cause of their being almost continually at this delicious Seat.

MR. *Sweetwood*, and Lady *Flimsy*, were still alive, and had been blessed in pursuing the same Method which had given Happiness to the Earl and Countess, and were the Darlings of *Worcestershire*, as these were of *Devon*.

LADY *Liberal*, in as perfect Health as more than seventy three Years could give, was strongly touched with a Presentiment of her approaching End; this, as she was under no Apprehensions on her own Account, she was determined to conceal from the Earl, and her dear Progeny, who she knew would suffer greatly on that Occasion.

How-



HOWEVER she was resolved to write a Letter to Lady *Flimsy*, with her own Hand; she had lately made use of Lord *Probit's* eldest Daughter for her Secretary. This Letter we shall give our Readers.

"MADAM,

"THE great Friendship in which we  
"have ever lived together has made no  
"small Part of my Happiness; at present  
"something tells me that the Period of that  
"Felicity is near expiring, by my being  
"soon to be removed from this World;  
"for this Reason I have resolved to take  
"my Leave of you in this Epistle with my  
"own Hand.

"I wish you the Continuation of that  
"Joy which has ever accompanied you and  
"Mr. *Sweetwood*, not doubting, in the least,  
"the renewing our Friendship in those  
"Mansions, where no Diminution or End  
"awaits the Joys of Immortals. Adieu!  
"my dear Friends, till that blissful Hour  
"arrives.

"I am

"most affectionately,

"your most humble Servant,

"LYDIA LIBERAL."

IT was the Custom of the Countess and the Earl to sleep after Noon ; the Repast of Dinner was concluded, and the Family being there, Lady *Liberal* withdrawing to her Couch, kissed his Lordship, and then the whole Family, concluding again with the Earl, expressing some Emotion on this Occasion. " Pray what is the Cause of this " Kifs ?" says the Earl. " You shall know " when I return," says her Ladyship.

SHE then retired to her Closet, in which was her Couch, and the Earl retired to his, to repose themselves a little, and give old Age that Refreshment which it wants.

HER Servant had laid her down, and was retiring, when her Ladyship said, " *Ag-  
nes*, I wish you well." She then composed herself to rest. His Lordship also was soon fallen into a sweet Sleep, on his Couch, in his own Apartment.

IT had not been more than half an Hour, when the Earl rung the Bell in great Hurry ; and Lord *Probit*, being near the Apartment, ran to the Summons. " My Child," says the Earl in entering, " where is your " Mother ?" " Asleep, my Lord," says the Son. " Heaven protect her," says the Earl,

Earl, sitting up and pouring forth Tears in great Abundance.

“WHAT afflicts you in this Manner, “Sir?” says Lord *Probit*, trembling at the unusual Sight. “That dear Woman *Lydia*, my Wife, your Mother, this Moment stood before me, and waving her Hand said, Adieu! my Life adieu! I go to prepare the Abode, where you shall quickly follow; saying this she left me smiling.”

“IT is a Dream, my Lord,” says Lord *Probit*, “compose yourself.” “Ah! no,” says the Earl, “go bid some one tread softly to her Couch. She is dead! my Soul tells me she is dead! Let me be satisfied?”

LORD *Probit* then rung for the Servant, and desired him to bid his Mother’s Woman step softly to her Couch, and see whether she was yet sleeping. Mrs. *Agnes*, then going to the Couch, found Lady *Liberal* was expired in the very same Posture she lay down, without one Muscle discomposed.

HER Shriek proclaimed it to the House, the general Lamentation told it to the Earl;

Grief reigned in full Powers over every Bosom.

ON a Table in Lady *Liberal's* Closet, lay the Letter which she had written to Lady *Flinfy*, not yet sealed; and on another Piece of Paper these Words, which she had written before she lay down.

“ I HAVE embraced you, my dear Lord  
 “ and Children, as a last Farewell and part-  
 “ ing Kiss, convinced from something  
 “ which tells my Heart I lye down to sleep  
 “ to wake no more, satisfied with living,  
 “ and thankful to my God who has given  
 “ me the greatest Bliss that Heaven be-  
 “ stows on Mortals; I implore his Mercy  
 “ on myself, the Continuation of his Bles-  
 “ sings on my dear Family: And Oh! all  
 “ gracious Father, soften the Afflictions  
 “ which my dear Husband will feel on this  
 “ Catastrophe!”

THE News was quickly spread through the Parish, when every Farmer, common Labourer, and their Families, as if the End of all Things was at hand, without knowing why, deserted their Work, and wept abundantly; the young Women cried,  
 “ Their more than Parent was dead.”

Every Master of a Family came to know  
 how



how the Earl was after this Loss; they all concluded that he could not survive it, they knew his Affection for his Lady would finish his Days also.

NOTHING was omitted which could administer Comfort to his Lordship; nay, he himself affected to feel little on this Account, with Design to alleviate the Sorrow of his Family. "Now I can positively pronounce," says he, "that *Lydia Probit* was a virtuous Woman, her Death has put it beyond the Reach of Fate to change that Truth. How few Men have that Happiness?"

THE Family also, before the Earl, endeavoured at the Appearance of not grieving excessively; but their Countenances spoke too plainly the Truth of what they wished to disguise.

THE Night was sleepless to the Earl; the Day pass'd without being able to taste one Morsel of Food; Nature was failing, and he, charmed with the Thoughts of following his dear *Lydia*, perceived that his Heart began to intermit through want of Sustenance; he therefore sent for all the Family to his Room, his own Progeny and Servants.

WHEN sitting in his Chair, he spoke to them in this Manner.

“ MY Children ye have been all Witnesses that Heaven, through my whole Life, has distinguished me with its peculiar Favour, in granting me the greatest earthly Happiness; nor is my Dissolution less a Proof of its immediate Mercy. The God of all has heard my Prayers, which have been daily offered to his Throne, that one Urn might, at one Time, inclose the Dust of *Lydia*, my dear Wife, and me.

“ THIS World I relinquish without Pain, I have nothing to implore from Heaven more than its Goodness has already granted; unless it be the Continuance of that Bliss which has been so liberally bestowed upon you.

“ I THANK my God you have supported the Honour of your Ancestors, and never deserted your Country's Cause; neither Titles or Employments have had Power to tempt you from the true Path of Patriotism, to her Ruin. My Daughters, ye are the living Examples of your Mother's

“ ther’s Virtues, your Children are proceed-  
“ ing in the same Way.

“ My Servants, I now thank you for  
“ your long and faithful Service. *Love-*  
“ *good*, I know not how to express my  
“ Esteem for your Behaviour to me and  
“ your late Lady, through a long Life of  
“ Fidelity, Friendship, and Duty.

“ I INTREAT you all to let Affliction  
“ sit light upon your Souls; I am but  
“ passing the Threshold of this World to  
“ that of another; be comforted, my Lamp  
“ of Life, thank the Almighty, has burnt  
“ long and clear. I leave you all this Le-  
“ gacy, your Father’s Name cannot be  
“ mentioned to your Disgrace.

“ AT this important Minute Heaven  
“ vouchsafes my Soul to look forward into  
“ future Times, and see a long List of  
“ Successors renowned for illustriously sup-  
“ porting the Honour of this Kingdom,  
“ to be the Inhabitants of this Abode.

“ My Son,” embracing Lord *Probit*,  
“ come to those paternal Arms which never  
“ have had Cause to refuse you the most  
“ affectionate Embrace; the same I repeat  
“ to you all; all my Children, Sons and

“ Daughters, those descended from you  
 “ again, have the same Claim to this Truth,  
 “ and my Fondness.”

At these Words, a Shower of Tears  
 streamed from every Eye; the Sorrow of  
 all present was too poignantly sincere; the  
 Master was forgotten by the Servants in the  
 Idea of the Father.

“ THIS,” says the Earl, “ is too much;  
 “ remember I am a frail Man, and ye are  
 “ Christians; support yourselves with Re-  
 “ solution: What do I relinquish more than  
 “ all Men must? My Fear is extinct in  
 “ Hope; I leave you all happy, to taste  
 “ immortal Bliss. My Son, give me your  
 “ Hand?”

LORD *Probit* then took his Father's Hand,  
 which was become cold with approaching  
 Death; when the Earl continued looking  
 in his Face, “ My Son, lay me by my dear  
 “ *Lydia* as soon as this Heart forgets to  
 “ beat.”——Then looking towards Hea-  
 ven, said, “ All gracious God, to thee I  
 “ offer unfeign'd Thanksgivings for the  
 “ manifold Mercies bestowed upon me du-  
 “ ring Life; receive my Soul into thy  
 “ blessed Mansions; and, oh! continue thy  
 “ divine Goodness to this Progeny around  
 “ me.



“ me. Adieu! my Children, I go to meet  
 “ my *Lydia*. Adieu!

SAYING these Words, he expired in his Chair, without one Struggle or distorted Feature. Grief now for a while held every Creature mute; their Eyes turned upon each other, expressive of Distress, which neither Tears or Words were equal to the uttering; then on him, who was now no more, till bursting into Tears, they cry’d, “ He is gone, our more than Father’s “ dead.” One universal Lamentation filled the House.

THE Tenants and others, who were at the Castle to learn how Lord *Liberal* supported the Death of his Countess, hearing his Lordship was expired, joined their Tears to the rest with most unfeigned Sorrow.

THEIR Grief did not resemble that loud tumultuous Passion of those whose Houses are ransack’d by invading Enemies; but that Affliction, which, unattended with Disturbance, acquiesces in the Fate without just Cause of Complaint, and yet the Object of which is too dear to be relinquished without the most penetrating Distress.

THE fatal News was spread by the Farmers returning to their own Homes, and the Sorrow was doubled on this Occasion; the passing Bell in every Parish within seventy Miles, told the Inhabitants that Lord and Lady *Liberal* were dead; no Ear heard the Sound without Affliction reaching to the Heart, and all Business was suspended in discoursing on their general Loss.

HIS Lordship was now laid by the Side of his Countess; they look'd even venerable in Death; thousands came to see them; those who had been made happy under their Care, those who had been bred from Infancy by their Charity, and those who, charmed with their Virtues, had made them the constant Object of their Esteem; no Eye beheld them without shedding Tears of sincere Affliction; our Parents are no more, was the general Lamentation.

THE Day of Interment of this noble Pair was now come; not a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood for many Miles was found absent from this Office; all had clad themselves in Mourning expressly on this Occasion; they considered it a Duty due to that noble Lord, whose Lips had never pronounced

nounced a Vote in Opposition to his Country's Welfare.

THE Farmers, who had all grown rich under his Lordship's Protection and Goodness, their Wives and Children, were all dress'd in Mourning also.

ALMOST all that were present to attend this Duty descended into the Family-vault.

"There—there——" they said, weeping, "will lye the Remains of the best and noblest Lord and Lady in the World." "I owe all my Possessions to their Goodness," says one. "I owe my Life, and being bred to Manhood, to their Charity," added another. "Who is there in this Country," says a third, "who has not been made happier by some Action of this Lord and Lady?"

It seems the Earl had always requested that he might be carried to his Grave by his Tenants; but as one Coffin inclosed him and the Countess, there was some Apprehension lest both might be too heavy for being borne in that Manner, and it would be necessary to have a Hearse on this Occasion.

THIS

THIS Design being known, the poor Men, who looked upon this as the greatest Honour they could receive, beseeched that the Privilege of bearing their noble Patrons to their Sepulchre might not be denied them: "Here  
" are more than sufficient for ten times that  
" Weight," they said.

IT was then complied with, and the oldest Man, with streaming Eyes, pressed first to have this Honour; his Son stood next with Vigor to sustain the feeble Steps of his Father; thus the Father and Son, alternately placed, bore the Remains of this Earl and Countess to the Grave, frequently changing, every one desiring to have it to say that he performed some Part of that last Office to his illustrious Benefactors.

A MORE mournful Sight could scarce be offered than to see this long Procession which followed this Pair to their Interment; no Tumult; all was regular; all felt for the Cause of this afflicting Occasion.

THE Sermon was to be preached by Mr. *Trueman*, the Divine whom we have already mentioned, whose Life had answered to the Duty of his Profession, and the Love of his Parishioners been the Consequence of it; his

Reverence



ALFRED A. 119  
Reverence for this Lord and Lady was excessive; whilst he was composing the Funeral oration, his Tears stained the Paper a thousand Times; whilst he was delivering it to the weeping Audience, Sighs and rising Sorrow interrupted him from proceeding every Minute.

At length, when he came to close his Discourse, which was on the happy Effects of Righteousness and Charity in this Life, he said, "Before you, lye the Remains of  
" Lord and Lady *Liberal*, whose Hearts  
" and Hands have been for almost an Age  
" employed in seeking Oceaſions to do good,  
" and performing it.

" Is there a Bosom in this Place uncon-  
" scious of this Truth? Is there an Eye  
" which has not been witness of it? In them  
" Nobility received Lustre from Religion,  
" Humanity from Compassion and Under-  
" standing, the Friends of human Kind,  
" and Servants of their God; these ye have  
" lost." — At these Words the Preacher  
could not proceed, and the Grief of all present was expressed in loud Sobs, for some Minutes.

He then continued; "in deploring them  
" we but bewail our own Misfortune;  
" where

“ where Happiness knows no Bounds is  
 “ now their Abode ; where the eternal Re-  
 “ wards of Righteousness are distributed,  
 “ they are present ; that God, whose Dictates  
 “ they have ever obey’d, is now applauding  
 “ their Actions upon Earth ; such it is his  
 “ gracious Will shall ever be the Lot of  
 “ those who tread the Paths of Virtue and  
 “ Religion.”

THE Sermon being finished, this noble  
 Pair of Lovers were deposited in the Vault  
 of the Family, attended with a Sorrow which  
 but too rarely accompanies the Interment of  
 great People: Many tarried weeping over  
 the Place of their Interment the whole Even-  
 ing; amongst which was the honest Steward,  
 who remained lamenting his Lord and Lady,  
 the Farmers intreating him to return home.  
 “ No,” says he, — “ no. — I did not think  
 “ I should have tasted this Calamity. Such  
 “ a Lord and Lady — If I had died before  
 “ them I had been happy — It will not be  
 “ long before the Time must come.” —  
 At length he was prevailed on to quit that  
 melancholy Scene, and return to the Castle.

Thus ended the Days of *Arthur* Earl of  
*Liberal*, and *Lydia* his Countess.

CH A P.

where Happiness knows no Bounds is  
 now their Abode; where the eternal Re-  
 wards are distributed.

**C H A P. CXXVIII.**  
*The Earl's Will and Epitaph. Lovegood's  
 Grief terminates his Days also.*

**S**OME time after the Decease of this  
 noble Pair, his Lordship's Will was  
 opened, where all his Tenants had some-  
 thing left them to buy Mourning; his Ser-  
 vants Annuities to make their last Days  
 comfortable; and many Friends some slight  
 Remembrance of his Friendship in Rings,  
 and other Presents: *Lovegood* had a Lega-  
 cy of a thousand Pounds, mentioned as a  
 Mark of his Lordship's Esteem for his Inte-  
 grity.

In the Will was mentioned also that his  
 Monument should be plain, consisting of a  
 marble Urn, and an Inscription below;  
 this was not to be erected till after the Death  
 of himself, and his Countess. The Words  
 were these:

**Sacred**

1732  
A. D. 1732  
Sacred to the Memory  
Of  
*Arthur and Lydia*  
Earl and Countess of *Liberal*,  
Whose Union all gracious Heaven distinguish'd  
With much Happiness,  
and a virtuous Progeny;  
Content with Life,  
And  
Thankful to their God  
For these Mercies,  
They departed this World  
— *Anno Dom.* —

THE Dates were left to be supplied, and  
are now placed on their Monument in their  
Parish-church.

*Lovegood's* Grief, accompanied with his  
Age, was too weighty to be long supported;  
*Lord Probit*, now Earl of *Liberal*, endea-  
voured, at all possible Ways to divert the  
Sorrows of this faithful Servant; but all his  
Endeavours were fruitless, his whole Time  
was spent with Mr. *Trueman* the Clergyman,  
recounting the Circumstances of the Life of  
the Earl and Countess.

“Do you believe, Mr. *Trueman*,” says  
he, “there ever was so amiable a Pair, so  
happy



“ happy as my Lord and Lady? How  
“ beautiful she was when she arrived to this  
“ Castle, the Admiration of all the World;  
“ and then her sweet Disposition? Good  
“ Heavens! that such People should die;  
“ I would rather receive a Smile of Thanks  
“ from her, than any Sum from the Hands  
“ of other Persons; and this she never failed  
“ of giving; so gracious in her Deport-  
“ ment, so tender to the afflicted, so chari-  
“ table to the distressed, so much the Friend  
“ of Virtue, and Enemy of Vice. To see  
“ her and my Lord meet each other;  
“ what a Pleasure it was to me? Love ap-  
“ pearing with such Excess of Affection in  
“ their Countenances—such Parents—such  
“ Friends—Oh! Mr. *Trueman*—why do I  
“ survive to lament their Loss?”

In this Manner every Day was passed, the good Clergyman, endeavouring to appease the Bosom of Mr. *Lovegood*, too manifestly declared his own was scarce in a better Situation. At length this faithful Servant yielded to Years and Sorrow; and as his last Request was to be deposited as near as possible to his Lord and Lady, the Earl ordered him to be interred in the Family Vault, convinced that the Ashes of a Man, whose Life was one continued Exercise of Truth, Integrity, and Justice, whatever

ever might have been his Birth, cannot contaminate the Remains of those who are nobly born.

FIVE Days after his Interment, his Will was opened, in which he had given his whole Fortune, which was considerable, to his Lord and Lady, if they survived him; if not, it was to be distributed amongst the Family, the Earl being the Heir, and the greatest Favourite, was most distinguished by the Value of the Legacy.

His Loss was much lamented by all the *Probit* Family, and all the Farmers, a Thing not very commonly happening between Stewards and Tenants.

THUS lived and died *Francis Lovegood*, of mean Birth, yet not unworthy the Imitation of his fellow Creatures, or dishonourable to his Creator.

CHAP.

## C H A P. CXXIX.

*The Sensation of Lord and Lady Flimsy on the Death of the Earl and Countess; their Conversation on this Occasion.*

A FEW Days before the Death of the Countess, Lady *Flimsy* had been oppressed with a Sorrow at her Heart, of the Cause of which she could by no means give any Account. She said to Mr. *Sweetwood*,  
“ My Dear, I feel a Sensation of Distress  
“ in my Bosom which is intolerable; and  
“ several Times within these few Days I  
“ have wept I knew not why. Heaven  
“ preserve Lord and Lady *Liberal*, and  
“ our Children! I cannot exclude the former from my Thoughts; I am afraid my  
“ Heart sympathises with some Calamity  
“ which has befallen them.”

“ INDEED my Life,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*, “ I have concealed the same kind of  
“ Sensations from you, lest they might  
“ have given you Pain; I have feared I  
“ know not what, and felt a Dejection  
“ which is altogether unusual with me.  
“ Heaven protect our Friends from all Affliction!

“fiction! But we, and they, my dear  
 “*Arabella*, have lived long and happy,  
 “our Years are such that Life is more ex-  
 “traordinary than the End of it.”

THE Cause of this Sensation was soon explained by a Letter from the Earl of *Liberal*, which gave an Account of the Presentiment of the Countess's Dissolution in her Letter to her Ladyship, and the Manner in which the Earl expired.

FRIENDSHIP here gave forth its full Tribute of Sorrow. Mr. *Sweetwood* cried,  
 “Heaven grant, my *Arabella*, that our Fate  
 “may be like that of this noble Pair,  
 “whose Virtues have done Honour to  
 “Mankind!”

“MAY it be the Will of Heaven,” said the Viscountess, embracing each other.

“INDEED,” says Lady *Flimsy*, “it is  
 “a severe Affliction to survive the Loss of  
 “dear and old Friends; every Hour of  
 “our remaining Life must feel some Pain  
 “on this Account. Are they not happy  
 “in going before, us Mr. *Sweetwood*?”  
 “Indeed, my Life, I think they are,” he answered.

“I



“ I HOPE as that happy Pair seemed to  
“ be illumined with one Soul, and each  
“ was extinct at the Expiration of the other,  
“ that we, my *Arabella*, may be favoured  
“ with the same Blessing ; we have lived in  
“ eternal Unison since our nuptial Day ;  
“ our Souls have corresponded to each  
“ others Thoughts, their Wishes, and Pur-  
“ suits. May our End be like theirs, or  
“ oh ! my Soul,” embracing her with feeble  
Arms, and trembling Extacy, “ how shall  
“ I bear the Loss of thee, or you of me,  
“ whose Affliction is so poignant for the  
“ Loss of that, which though extremely  
“ dear to each, is yet, I am convinced,  
“ vastly unequal to that Affection which  
“ we bear each other ?”

THE Children of this happy Pair, and  
their Children, hearing the News of Lord  
and Lady *Liberal*'s Death, hastened to *Fair-*  
*land-court*, to divert, as much as possible,  
the Sorrows which they knew would attend  
their Parents on this Account ; Earl *Libe-*  
*ral* and the Countess writing to them that  
they would be present to pay their Duty as  
soon as possible.

## C H A P. CXXX.

*The present Earl finds the good Effects of his Father's Virtue; the Enemies of Virtue prove to be his only.*

**T**HE Earl being now possessed of the Family Title, his Behaviour was exactly what it had ever been, the direct Copy of his Father's; and his Lady's, in like manner, that of her Mother and Mother-in-Law.

THE Tenants found no Difference in their Lord, the Poor no want of Charity, the Virtuous no Deficiency of Rewards, the Young no Neglect of Goodness and Encouragement; all was conducted as before, and yet nothing could wash the Remembrance of the late Earl and Countess from the Minds of their old Tenants; they blessed the present for the Happiness which they received, and forgot not the Departed, for what they had given; the young Farmers insisted that there never was so good a Man or Woman as the present Earl and Countess; and the old Ones allowed that next to the old Earl and his Countess, these were

the

the best Lord and Lady in the World. This Attachment of old Servants to the Memory of their Father and Mother, communicated vast Pleasure to the Minds of the present noble Pair; as did the Affection also which was shewn by the younger People to them also.

THE Death of the Earl made a Vacancy for Knight of the Shire, and the Present Lord *Probit*, being of Age, his Father designed him to represent his County.

AT the same Time Sir *William Whipstitch*, and Sir *Humphry Venal*, being both strongly in the M——l Interest, and flattered by Excise-men, Customhouse-officers, and Presbyterian Parsons, imagined they had Interest enough to carry an Election for the County, and therefore joined their Interest with a Gentleman just of Age, who had a large Estate, to oppose Lord *Probit* in his Election.

THIS Design irritated the Souls of every Freeholder in the County, excepting those whose Dependance was immediately from the M——y.

“Do these corrupted Placemen and Fanatics imagine that the Death of Earl *Liberal*,  
“succeeded

“succeeded by so worthy a Lord, can ever  
 “be forgotten, or his interest diminished?  
 “No, they shall find that his Memory,  
 “and our Love to the present Lord, shall  
 “never be influenced by any lucrative Con-  
 “siderations; and that we can distinguish  
 “between those who have laboured to  
 “destroy, and those who have laboured  
 “to save their Country;” was the general  
 Voice.

ACCORDINGLY the Day before the Elec-  
 tion the Earl, attended by every Gentleman  
 of Estate in the County, came to the City  
 of *Exeter*, whither every Man of forty Shil-  
 lings a Year had travelled; many, fifty  
 Miles on Foot, to vote for Lord *Probit*;  
 except the following, Sir *William Whipstitch*,  
 Sir *Timothy Venal*, their Candidate, and their  
 Dependants, the Customhouse-officers, Ex-  
 cise-men, Presbyterians, Quakers, Indepen-  
 dants, Anabaptists, and their Teachers, Re-  
 ceivers of the Land-tax, and a few others of  
 the same Stamp; these finding how infinitely  
 superior the Friends of the Earl were to  
 theirs; and knowing that tho' getting an Elec-  
 tion by Scoundrels may be countenanced  
 by Success, that losing it in such Company  
 is no small Ignominy, relinquished the De-  
 sign, and gave this noble Lord no Trouble  
 on the Day of the Poll.



THUS ended the Attempt of this corrupted Posse, to defeat the Interest of Probity and Honour; and thus may all be defeated who oppose their Country's Welfare.

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## C H A P. CXXXI.

*The good Effects of a virtuous Life descend to Posterity, exemplified in Boys, as well as the bad Ones to those of a different Life.*

AT this time the youngest Son of the Earl of *Liberal*, and of Sir *William Whipstitch*, were at *Tiverton* School; and as Boys will be imitating Men, the same Opposition began in the young Hearts of their Sons, that appeared in the Actions of their Fathers; with this Difference only, that as the Minds of Children are much honester than those of grown People, and the Love of Virtue holds stronger Influence on their Minds and Actions, there was not a Boy of the whole School who would appear in Company with young *Whipstitch*; Reverence for the Characters of the late and present Earl, drew the whole Company to the Side of young *Probit*, the Son of the Land-tax Collector

excepted, who living in the Town was commanded by his Father to behave in that Manner.

THE other, however, with this solitary Companion, and a great deal of that alert Self-sufficiency, which so unhappily distinguished his Father, had said some Things reflecting on the Honour of the *Probit* Family, a known Lye, a pure Invention of his own; this had irritated the whole School in such a manner, that they all vowed Vengeance on him; but young *Probit* interposing, said to his Friends, " I insist upon  
" your not resenting this Usage of *Whip-*  
" *stitch*, as I am honoured with your Friend-  
" ship, he will consider this Behaviour as  
" an Insult of Numbers, upon two, an Ac-  
" tion which you and I scorn.

" LET me, therefore, demand the Rea-  
" son of his saying, what he has so dis-  
" respectfully uttered against my Family;  
" and if he refuses to give me Satisfaction,  
" or deny it, you shall see I will treat him  
" as he deserves."

SCHOOL Hours being finished, and the Boys in the Court before the House, *Probit* bade his Followers tarry behind, and went alone to young *Whipstitch*, to ask him  
what

what he meant by throwing Reflections on his Family; "Sir," says he, "you know how easily I could make Reprisals for the Lyes which you have uttered, and by telling Truth throw an Ignominy upon your Family, which nothing can remove; but I hold in Contempt such unmannerly Attempts; however, though I do not chuse to return Slander for Slander, I insist on your asking me Pardon, or giving me Satisfaction by fighting me."

"WHAT with all the School on your Side," replied *Whipstitch*. "This I imagined would be urged as an Objection by you," answered *Probit*, "but I will tell you apart where you and I will meet and decide this alone."

"How do I know you will come alone?" says *Whipstitch*.

"You shall have my Honour for it," replied *Probit*.

THIS was not thought convenient to be trusted to by the other, "Then you shall take a Slap in the Face," he continued, and charging his Company not to come near him on any Account, he struck him a Blow in the Face; Courage was wanting to the

Baronet's Son, and no Return being made, he said, " I perceive you are like all other Boys, who are Lyars, a Coward also : Henceforth speak not ill of my Family, if you value your Ears and Nose."

HAVING said this he returned to his Company, when they asked him why he had not lick'd him heartily. *Probit* replied, " the next Disgrace to being a Coward was beating a Coward."

THUS the Love of Truth and Virtue, the Esteem for generous Actions, and Wisdom, descend from Father to Son, and make the Happiness and Reputation not only of those who first raise the Character, but their Descendants for many Generations ; such is the Ordination of Heaven, that the Children of Virtue shall reap the Reward of their Parents Righteousness, and the Sons of the Iniquitous be visited for the Sins of their Fathers.

## CHAP.



## C H A P. CXXXII.

*A Sense of Gratitude in the Hearts of People of plainer Understandings towards superior Virtue.*

**T**HE Monument for the late Earl and Countess of *Liberal* being made in London, according to the Will, as already mentioned, and erected in the Parish Church, great Numbers of People came to visit it, and all expressed their Dislike of it.

THE Farmers beheld it with a double Grief; one, that it reminded them of so illustrious and virtuous a Pair who were now no more; and the other, that so mean a Monument was placed to commemorate their Excellencies.

“I could not have imagined,” says an old Tenant, “my Lord would have shown  
“so little Regard to his Parents, the best  
“of Men and Women; is this that is written on this Stone, sufficient to tell the  
“World what they possess’d? Such a Lord  
“and Lady with so little said in their  
“Praise: Well, my Heart shall never forget their Goodness—it aches to see how

“ soon — I must not speak ; they are in  
“ Heaven ; and no Praise can be sufficient  
“ for their Deserts, or increase their Hap-  
“ piness.”

ALL the Parish and County were of the same Opinion, and a certain Coolness appeared in their Faces, which the Earl could not explain ; he therefore employed Mr. *Trueman* to discover the Cause, which being easily found, his Lordship was pleased with the Sense of these honest Men, and intrusted the Will of his Father into the Clergyman's Hand, to be read by all who chose it, assuring them, at the same time, that he should, without that express Command of his Father, have erected a Monument becoming the Lives and Actions of such Parents ; that notwithstanding this Injunction, he had ordered a Statue of his Father to be made by Mr. *Collins* in *London*, which was to be placed in the Temple of Fortitude by the Side of Lady *Liberal's*, and Basso Relievos of the most remarkable Passages of their Lives to be carved on Marble, and to line the Inside of the Building.

THIS satisfied the Minds of the Tenants and others ; hither they frequently repaired, and

and traced the virtuous Actions of the Earl and Countess in the Sculpture.

IN the upper Range of Pieces, which surrounded the Temple, were carved the most distinguished Events of the Countess's Life, before she was wedded to the Earl, in which his also were intermixed, as far as related to the Voyage.

OVER these Parts the grateful Tenants, and all the Parishioners ran their Eyes with infinite Delight.

“How great was the Distress of this charming Lady! What Injustice she suffered! What Virtue graced this noble Person!” were the Exclamations: then “How just was Heaven in thus rewarding such superior Goodness!” they cried, whilst the Tear-washed Eye surveyed the severe Trials which this deserving Lady sustained in her Youth.

THE second Range contained the generous Actions of the Earl, and his Lady after Marriage; here the Gazers traced their own Stories in the figured Marble with Delight.

"SEE my Lord in this, giving the Labour of Age, the Reward of full Vigour," says one.

"HERE," says another, "is Mr. Lovegood, by my Lord's Orders, lending me Money, to increase my Stock, which enables me now to live at Ease in my older Days: For ever blessed be his Name for that Goodness. In this Piece," says a Farmer's Wife, "see with what Sweetness my Lady is rewarding me when young, for having behaved according to her Liking; I shall never forget the Day."

AND in this, says another, "Look, she is delivering me, and several other Children, to the Care of Mrs. Wakely, for our Education. See with what Beauty she looks; to her I owe all the Happiness of my Life."

THE Actions of Mr. Lovegood when a common Servant, and as Steward, were conspicuously shewn in several Pieces.

THE Distress of Lady *Liberal*, when her Lord was sick; and his grateful Acknowledgment to Heaven for the Mercy of Recovering; filled other Marble Pannels.

IN



IN one Piece the whole County throngs to offer him, and their Country, their Service.

IN another you saw their displeased Countenances when the Earl read the Letter which refused him the Power of arming his Friends, in Defence of his Country. In Fact, the whole Lives of this truly virtuous and noble Pair, were placed to View, where instead of ransacked Cities, slaughtered Thousands, Temples prophaned, weeping Widows and Orphans, the wretched Victims of Ambition, nothing but the mild Lessons of Religion, Virtue, and Humanity, were exhibited to View; Actions such as Heaven looks on and approves, rendering Service to Humanity.

BE these the Glory of Mankind, whilst conquering Ravagers meet less Esteem; may the Doers of good Works receive the Reward which is due to them alone; let Piety be Greatness, Virtue Renown; and Mercy Happiness; and all that are nobly born be esteemed as they approach these Actions, which alone can communicate true Honour to Human Nature.

## C H A P. CXXXIII.

*The last Chapter.*

**W**E have now compleated the History of the Earl and Countess of *Liberal*, in which Virtue, severely tried, meets Reward and Happiness. We have stept a little beyond the Period of their Lives; to shew that Felicity is not the Reward only of those who are virtuous; but that their Childrens Children participate the Blessing; that Piety, Patriotism, Charity, in Parents, beget the same Dispositions in, and same Esteem for, their Descendants, that characterised their Predecessors, the same universal Love and Honour.

WE have remarked also, that the opposite Dispositions as naturally generate similar Inclinations of Heart, and that Unhappiness is the pernicious Consequence.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, we are sensible it may be said, that in the Conduct of this noble Pair, there is nothing which may not be practised by any other Man and Wife; at least in some Degree; nothing which so distinctly characterises Nobility from others.

THIS

THIS we readily confess, and with Design we have written in this Manner, that the Precepts of their Lives may lead to Practice, not Vision; and not, forgetting Humanity, drawn perfect speculative Beings, so sublimated above the Species, that the Eye of Reason aches to behold them at such Distance; Creatures of a Writers's Fancy, composed all of Æthereal Excellence, such as never did, or can, exist in Nature, a Group of Figures so gay and glaring without the Shade of Human Weakness to give the Parts Relief, and Vraye-semblance, that the knowing Eye turns from beholding them, dissatisfied with the unnatural Picture.

THIS we have avoided, not for the above Reason alone, but for this, lest such Portraits being once delineated as real Existences, and being conceived as Copies of true Nature, the same Consequences may succeed which we have known happen to Minds tinctured with Religion, where the Teachers have made the obtaining Heaven on Condition of such Purity of Life as scarce ever Mortal reached, and the Access so difficult to that blessed Mansion, that many, despairing of the attaining that exalted Happiness, have become desponding by  
Melancholy;

Melancholy ; and others, thinking it impossible, dropt all Thoughts of endeavouring to obtain it at all.

In like manner the Readers of these more than human Pictures of Humanity, fancying there are corresponding Characters in Nature ; and perceiving it impossible to reach the Perfections of such exalted Beings, grow displeased with themselves and their Inferiority ; when dissatisfied, and renouncing all Pursuit of these Qualifications which are attainable to the Degree of making themselves amiable ; or becoming Hypocrites, in affecting those very Excellencies which they perceive they cannot attain to ; are made worse Creatures by such Lessons, than they would have been if left to undisguised and uninstructed Nature.

Tho' what has been just said should prove an Apology for our drawing these Characters in this Way, how shall we be excused in the Eyes of our fashionable Ladies of Quality ? We are not a little afraid, lest our Performance, being entirely destitute of all that is useful for Courts, Intrigues, and Play, may be refused Admittance amongst what is now called the best Company.

**DAMN**



“DAMN this Fellow, says my Lord *Bubble-*  
*bett*, “I imagined when he had made *Pro-*  
*bit* an Earl, he would have given us  
 “some useful Lessons upon Horse-racing,  
 “that might have been of Service to a No-  
 “bleman; but here is nothing but your  
 “damn’d moral Stuff, and three old Wo-  
 “men, kept Mistresses, supported on Cha-  
 “rity. Does the Fool imagine he can write  
 “Keeping out of Doors, or that Lords are  
 “to be held by the Rules of Tradesmen?”

ANOTHER expected a new Calculation  
 of the Chances on Pharo; or, says he,  
 “Notes upon *Hoyle*, who is vastly errone-  
 “ous in many Places, particularly in the  
 “calculating the Slam; these would have  
 “been a useful Work to the polite World;  
 “but this foolish Nobleman, which he has  
 “drawn, is eternally at the Tail of his  
 “Wife, billing and cooing like two Tur-  
 “tles; an Example to be followed by no  
 “Man who would appear respectable in  
 “the great World.”

THAT is not the whole Objection nei-  
 ther. “I concluded we should at least have  
 “seen the Arts and Intrigues of succeed-  
 “ing near a M——r fairly displayed, and  
 “some

“some useful Lessons to satisfy weak Minds,  
 “that Conscience is all a false Prejudice,  
 “when it opposes a Man’s advancing in  
 “Interest or Preferment.

“This indeed would be very useful, as  
 “it would serve to erase the wrong Noti-  
 “ons which Boys are continually imbibing  
 “at School from Greek and Roman Wri-  
 “ters, that Virtue is a real and amiable  
 “Thing; it would defeat such extravagant  
 “and destructive Ideas, spare the Pains  
 “which frequently succeed such Education,  
 “bring Youth sooner to the Practice of  
 “the World, and save some Years, which,  
 “as Men, we are obliged to lose in eradi-  
 “cating the absurd Conceptions which had  
 “taken Possession in the School-Days of  
 “Puerility; but this Author has gone up-  
 “on the mistaken Plan of the Ancients, in  
 “praising Virtue; and conceives that in  
 “this enlightened Age, when Patriotism,  
 “Religion, and Integrity, are all known  
 “to be a Farce, that his Maxims will be  
 “followed.

“The Life of this Man is not worth per-  
 “using, I’ll be damn’d if he was ever a  
 “Member at *White’s*.

THESE

THESE Objections we must leave to be surmounted as well as they can. The Ladies also we are apprehensive will shew no less Displeasure in reading the Actions of Lady *Liberal*.

METHINKS I hear Lady \*\*\*\*\* crying out, "How am I deceived! I imagined to have found *Lydia* in high Life quite another Woman; I expected to have seen her leading the Fashions in all Kinds of Dress, giving Names to Caps, Handkerchiefs, and Hats, opening the Ball on a Birth-Night with Prince \*\*\*\*\*; at least, Protectress of the Opera, and supporting the Behaviour of *Mingotti* against the Resentment of the Town; encouraging the young Bloods, Bucks, and Scarlets at a Riot in *Drury-lane*; the most distinguishing and newest Mark of a Lady of Quality and true Blood. But, alas! only but think, she is quite another thing, a perfect Lady *Bountiful*, giving Gowns to Country Wenches, and delighted with a clumsy Courtsey, and I thank your Ladyship for your Goodness. I'll engage the poor Woman would not have played Cards on a *Sunday* for the World, through fear of the Sin of Sabbath-breaking."

THE Dutcheſs of \*\*\*\*\* ſmiling at  
 this rural Life, beginning with, "What a  
 " way of paſſing Time; I am not ſurpri-  
 " ſed at her not having a Rout, when ſhe  
 " does not appear ſuſceptible of knowing  
 " how to diſpoſe of her Company; once a  
 " Week a Concert, and Men of Learning  
 " to talk Phi-loſ-o-phy; hah, hah, hah;  
 " and nurſing little *Arthur*. Theſe indeed  
 " are inſtructing Ways of paſſing Time, in  
 " uſe in the ignorant Days of my Great-  
 " grand-mother; give me the Woman of  
 " Spirit, who knows the Force of her own  
 " Beauty, and the Regard which ſhould be  
 " paid to it by the World, who without a  
 " Shilling Fortune marries a Nobleman,  
 " and then lets him know that ſhe thinks  
 " her Charms too great a Purchase for one  
 " Man, and intrigues with another ſhe  
 " loves, after marrying the firſt for Con-  
 " veniency; Scenes of this kind would  
 " have been entertaining, and uſeful; ſuch  
 " Books might be ſafely put into the Hands  
 " of our Daughters; but this Piety Affair  
 " will reduce them to all the abſurd anti-  
 " quated Notions of our great great Grand-  
 " mothers in the Reign of Queen *Eliza-  
 " beth*; there does not appear one Glimpſe  
 " of that truly daring Spirit which ſo pe-  
 " culiarly



“ cularly distinguishes the Woman of Qua-  
 “ lity in this Generation. If Nobility is  
 “ to be tied to all the strait-laced Life of a  
 “ Country Parson’s Wife, and obliged to  
 “ follow all the Rules that those are con-  
 “ fined to, who depend upon the World  
 “ for their Livelihood, where is the Ad-  
 “ vantage of being born of noble Blood?  
 “ For my part, I would as soon be a Far-  
 “ mer’s Wife, and go to Market with  
 “ Eggs, Butter, and Cheese, as live the so-  
 “ ber Life of *Lyd-i-a* Countess of *Li-ber-al*.

“ LET him write the Life of Lady \*\*\*\*\*  
 “ and I will subscribe for twenty Sets, and  
 “ procure a List of hundreds more, whose  
 “ Names shall make a Figure at the Head  
 “ of a Work, and do the Writer Honour.

“ THERE you may show the necessary  
 “ Arts and Intrigues of Gallantry and  
 “ Gaming, the hood-winking a Husband,  
 “ and secreting a Lover; the Difficulties  
 “ and Dilemma’s, which, tho’ sometimes  
 “ dangerous in the Conduct, afford De-  
 “ light in the Escape; display the whole  
 “ Art of Woman, the soothing, frowning,  
 “ fondling, scolding, sickening, deceiving,  
 “ dying, recovering Female, in a Series of  
 “ Histories, as practised in the Revoluti-  
 “ ons of that illustrious Lady.”

THIS Suggestion however, we must confess, comes too late to alter what is past; and thus, with great Contrition for the Mistake, we ask ten thousand Pardons for our Error: However, if these Ladies and Gentlemen will but have the Goodness to experience the Life we have laid down as passed by the Earl and Countess of *Liberal* one six Months only, and then find it less pleasing than the present which they are engaged in, we promise to renounce all that has been here said, and write a *Palinodia* to do Justice to their superior Judgment.

IN executing this nothing shall be omitted that can be agreeable to their new manner of Thinking; we will endeavour to banish Charity to the *Mohawks*, Religion to the *Hottentots*, Chastity to Mother *D—s*, and the *Shakespeare's* Head; and in short, prove that Adultery never had existence, but in the Name; that all Women have a Right to change Paramours ten times in a Week; that cheating at Play is a legal Exercise of the great Faculties which are given to Mortals; and every moral Ordinance nothing but a Bug-bear to intimidate those who have not Quickness enough to see through the Disguise, and secure all the Privilege

vilege to those who do ; in which the Behaviour of *Messalina*, the *Ephesian* Matron, and Lady \* \* \* \* \* shall be cleared from all that false Judgment which has been drawn from their Conduct, and proved the only reasonable Pursuit of Woman.

FOR the Benefit of the Right-honourable and High-life Male Part of our Readers, who are of the former Opinion, we shall accurately search into the ancient Method of dieting Horses amongst the *Græcians* at the *Olympic* and *Isthmian* Games, the true manner of plating Horses, and of jockeying, at these celebrated Places, together with the Art of getting pretty and swift Colts, as practised by the *Arabians*.

AND lastly we shall consider the Manners of the *Roman* Men of fine Taste, in the Times of their Emperors, with respect to the many Methods of false Dice, and other valuable Ways of getting Money, by the laudable Practice of right Gaming ; with Demonstrations of the Justice in proceeding in this manner towards the Attainment of the sovereign Good, Money ; concluding this Part with Illustrations on the Life of Colonel *Chartres* ; and a Parallel between those Times and the present, proving beyond Contradiction,

tradiction, that every Gamester who shoots himself through the Head, drinks Poison, hangs himself, or runs his Sword through his Body, is really a Lover of his Country, and absolutely doing it great Service by that Action. Proposals for printing this Work will be left, and Subscriptions taken in, at *Arthur's*.

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F I N I S.



